

Gays vs. the Military

TIME

HOSTAGES

WHY NOW? WHO'S NEXT?



John McCarthy's release may signal that the kidnappers are ready to cut a deal

Terry Anderson,
captive since
March 16, 1985



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FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

You may not immediately identify the name Richard Hess, but you will recognize his work. Since 1977 Dick has painted 14 covers for the magazine. Among the best known are his portrait of Deng Xiaoping, who was our Man of the Year in 1979, and his gatefold showing a cross section of Americans for our 1987 special issue on the 200th anniversary of the Constitution. A native of Royal Oak, Mich., Dick attended the University of Michigan and, improbably, began his career working for a company that manufactured paint-by-number sets. After many years as a graphic designer and an art director for major advertising firms, he returned to illustration in 1971, working out of his Connecticut home. Last week Dick died of complications from septic shock syndrome at the age of 57.

Dick was a warm, outgoing man and natural teacher who occasionally used friends and family as models for TIME covers. For the Constitution cover he included several neighbors in Roxbury, Conn., as well as his son Mark (who appeared as a policeman) and TIME art director Rudy Hoglund (a handcuffed miscreant). Even the artist made a rare guest appearance in the portrait (as a pioneer in a coonskin hat). "He felt that when people saw his work they were looking at his soul," says Mark, who himself has



Richard Hess and two of his TIME covers

"He felt that when people saw his work they were looking at his soul."

Painted 14 covers for TIME. Hoglund fondly recalls many long visits with Dick at his Connecticut farm. "He always welcomed me with 'Hello, friend'—a wonderful greeting," he says. Which may be why it is now so hard for so many of us to say goodbye.

H. Oglund

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INSURANCE

LETTERS

THE WORLD'S SLEAZIEST BANK

"I would guess there are very few innocents in this scandal."

Patricia Ruane
Toronto



Now that the Bank of Credit & Commerce International has been shut down [BUSINESS, July 29], we are left with the frightening question, What crooked bank has taken its place? If we are unable to discover the answer to that, the world is probably doomed to face a repetition of the B.C.C.I. fiasco.

Irving Gertel
West Hempstead, N.Y.

The implication in your article that the U.S. Department of Justice has played some supposed role in covering up the B.C.C.I. affair is both outrageous and irresponsible. Although B.C.C.I. was chartered in Luxembourg, headquartered in London and operated in 72 countries, the first criminal prosecution against the bank was the one brought by the U.S. Department of Justice. Its investigation was begun by customs agents in 1986 in Tampa and in 1990 resulted in the conviction of the bank and five of its executives on money-laundering charges. The bank paid what was at the time the largest criminal penalty ever paid by a financial institution (\$15 million), and the five executives received jail sentences of up to 12 years. The department has been conducting, and intends to continue to carry

out, a thorough, professional and deliberate investigation of all credible allegations of wrongdoing, consistent with the highest standards of law enforcement.

Robert S. Mueller III
Assistant Attorney General
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington

Your report on the activities of the international bank scared the hell out of me. The forces of evil are constantly at work trying to enslave us all. We need good information supplied by magazines such as yours so we can keep the animals at bay and preserve freedom.

John Mackinnon
Pointe Claire, Que.

I am convinced that B.C.C.I.'s only crime is that it is a non-Western, non-Jewish, Middle East-owned bank that was threatening the control of Western banks and governments in Third World countries. Quite unexpectedly, it met the same fate as did another threat to Western interests, Saddam Hussein. This is perhaps neo-colonialists' finest hour.

Mansoor A. Hashmi
Fort Collins, Colo.

The inevitable question arises. What name will we give to this scandal? B.C.C.I.-gate and Bankgate are obvious but particularly clumsy. Thornburghgate and Bushgate are a bit premature. Moneygate is good but much too general. A friend called it the mother of luscious, juicy scandals. Mothergate? Too genderish, possibly. Maybe Sleazegate? Why don't you have a readers' write-in contest?

Stanley A. Rudin
Lima, Ohio

As a banker, I am aware of the fears of many people that they may lose the hard-earned dollars they have entrusted to a financial institution. I feel for those innocent victims of the failure of a bank such as B.C.C.I., but, with the exception of those citizens whose countries put their national treasury on deposit with that sad excuse for a bank, I would guess there are very few innocents in this scandal.

Patricia Ruane
Toronto

Western money-center banks have never had any qualms about opening personal accounts for the likes of Ferdinand Marcos, despite the obvious source of the funds. They must share with B.C.C.I. the blame for facilitating the wholesale plunder of Third World coffers. The proceeds of international drug trafficking, arms deals and tax evasion have traditionally ended up not in B.C.C.I. accounts but in less conspicuous foreign havens.

Kaiser Tamiz Amin
Hong Kong

Minorities Jostle for Power

The tensions between Hispanics and blacks [NATION, July 29] are the inevitable and predictable result of decades of divisive policies that make ethnicity the major criterion for determining who is given the most goodies. Stand by for the multicultural society. You ain't seen nothin' yet.

Raymond M. Thomas
Cleburne, Texas

For Arthur Fletcher, the outspoken chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, to say that "Hispanics were conspicuous by their absence" during the height of the civil rights movement is intemperate, inflammatory and distorted. In the '50s and '60s, Hispanics were waging their own battle for a place in the sun. It's preposterous for blacks to blame Hispanics and other minorities for their societal conditions. When blacks and Hispanics stop scapegoating each other, their dream of sharing in the nation's bounty will move closer to reality.

John F. Garcia Sr., President
The Hispanic Public Affairs Committee
Denver

All needy, deserving individuals should receive this country's compassion, but in general only blacks have some claim to preferential treatment as a class. Hispanics were never slaves or targets of Jim Crow laws. They came to this country voluntarily, lured by prospects of better economic opportunity. Thus it seems unwise and immoral to offer Hispanics, as a class, special benefits not offered equally to other Americans and other immigrants. How long can America afford to continue favoring special groups?

Lovick P. Thomas V
New Orleans

As a U.S. citizen of Latin American descent, I found the use of the word brown in the title of your piece "Browns vs. Blacks" offensive. It places a stigma on all people of Spanish or Latin American background. Please don't call us browns.

Marcos Lares
Clearwater, Fla.

Safety in the Dentist's Chair

Your story "Should You Worry About Getting AIDS from Your Dentist?" only contributes to the current hysteria regarding AIDS and the dental office [MEDICINE, July 29]. One has to read two-thirds of the way through to conclude that visiting a dentist is safe when proper sterilization and disinfection procedures are followed. I've practiced general dentistry for 11 years and state without hesitation that there is only an infinitesimal chance of contracting any communicable disease in my office. As is common practice for most dentists, we



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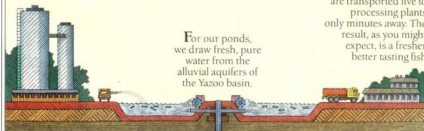
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TIME, AUGUST 19, 1991

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But not from where you're sitting.



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GRAPEVINE

By SIDNEY URQUHART/Reported by David Ellis

YOU CAN'T BE TOO RICH OR TOO CLEAN

Senator **JAY ROCKEFELLER**'s decision last week to bow out of the race for the Democratic presidential nomination was welcome news for Bush's campaign gurus. After digging into the patrician West Virginian's past, Bush handlers concluded their "opposition research" had turned up virtually nothing negative. The best the Bushies could do was a 1984 book chiding Rockefeller for zigzagging on a few issues. "He made a mistake by pulling out," says a White House adviser. "And we're glad he did."

THERE'S A TOYOTA IN YOUR FUTURE

Retired auto executives say the darnedest things. In his forthcoming book, *A Better Idea*, former Ford chief **DONALD PETERSEN** writes that his company's quality improvements during the '80s failed to put the automaker ahead of the Japanese. "Right now, I rate Toyota the best, followed by Honda, and Mazda does a great job [too]."

SHE'S NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE

MARILYN QUAYLE has finally located the source of those nasty tales, including one that she was at a fat farm. The stories were leaked by the Vice President's office. Back in fighting trim, Marilyn has called for the return of ultra-loyalist Jeff Nesbit, who served on her husband's Senate staff, as director of communications. One of Nesbit's first challenges will be to head off stories about Dan Quayle's alleged 1971 purchase of marijuana. Those rumors were squelched during the 1988 campaign, when Quayle's accuser, convicted drug smuggler Brett Kimberlin, was hustled off to solitary just as he was scheduled to talk to reporters. Last week a federal judge ruled that Kimberlin's charges of mistreatment deserve a hearing.

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND LEAST?

The fur trade is bristling over TV ads for Disney's newly revived *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. The 1961 classic portrays the fiendish **CRUELLA DEVIL** as a Leona Helmsley-esque character obsessed with luxury furs. The ads create "a gruesome picture in [children's] minds, making them understandably upset the next time they see their mother put on a fur coat," complains *Fur Age* Weekly editor Lisa Marcinek. Joining the fray, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals exhorts parents to expose their children to the film's "playful, yet solid antifur message." And so they are. *Dalmatians* has pulled in \$42 million in a month.

VOX POP

Do you have a favorite candidate or someone you would vote for in the 1992 presidential election?

Yes **30%** No **67%**

From a telephone poll of 1,000 American adults taken for TIME/CNN on July 17-18 by Tansworth Clancy (Shuman). Sampling error is plus or minus 3%. "Not sure" omitted.



Petersen: Toyota is still No. 1



Cruella De Vil: I live for fur!

ROCK-'N'-ROLL COVER-UP

Last week's hubbub over the nude statues on the cover of David Bowie's latest album (see PEOPLE) is in step with rock's tradition of provocative packaging:

CHOPPING BLOCK. Angry because some songs were cut from the U.S. versions of previous albums, the Beatles posed for *Yesterday* and *Today* in butcher's smocks with pieces of meat. Capitol Records pasted a different photo over the cover.

TWO REVEALING. John Lennon and Yoko Ono posed nude for the album *Two Virgins*, thus earning it a plain brown wrapper.

SECULAR SOUNDS. Fearing a Fundamentalist backlash, Columbia changed the title of



Nick Lowe's 1978 *Jesus of Cool* album to *Pure Pop for Now People*.

MISOGYNIST MESSAGE. The 1987 Guns N' Roses debut album portrayed a battered woman with her panties around her ankles. After protests, the artwork was changed.

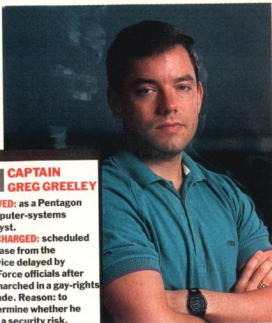
ANATOMICALLY CORRECT. Last year the band Jane's Addiction initially released *Ritual de lo Habitual* with nude dolls cavorting on the cover but changed to a blank white album with a quote from the First Amendment.



SANDRA JOHNSON—REXNA FOR TIME

H CAPTAIN DUSTY PRUITT

SERVED: 13 years in the Army and reserves training troops to defend against chemical and biological weapons. **DISCHARGED:** after she revealed in a newspaper interview that she was a lesbian. "The closet is a horrible place to be," she says, "and the military is in a deep closet."



TERRY ASHE FOR TIME

H CAPTAIN GREG GREELEY

SERVED: as a Pentagon computer-systems analyst. **DISCHARGED:** scheduled release from the service delayed by Air Force officials after he marched in a gay-rights parade. Reason: to determine whether he was a security risk. Congressmen accused Pentagon of a witch-hunt.

Nation

TIME/AUGUST 19, 1991

DEFENSE

Marching Out of The Closet

Should gays be allowed to serve in America's armed forces? The Pentagon has ousted 1,000 of them since Desert Storm, but it is finding it harder than ever to argue that the answer is no.

By NANCY GIBBS

For 13 years in the Army and Army Reserve, Captain Dusty Pruitt, an ordained minister, taught soldiers to defend themselves against chemical, biological and nuclear weapons. Her expertise could have been vital in the war against Saddam Hussein. But during Operation Desert Storm, Pruitt was neither protecting nor ministering to soldiers in the Persian Gulf. Her battleground was the Ninth Circuit Court in California, where she was busy fighting to overturn the Army's 1986 decision to discharge her because she is a lesbian. "It's sad," she says,

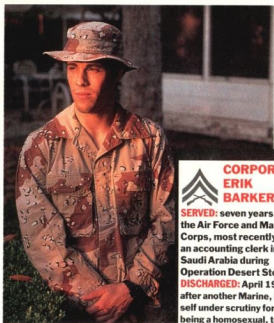
"that the military wastes time bothering people about what they do in their private lives rather than what they do on duty."

In the U.S. military, few patterns are as enduring as the habit of barring qualified men and women from serving their country when they are needed, on the grounds that they are not wanted. Over the centuries, the brass have used strikingly similar arguments to bar racial minorities, women and homosexuals from marching into battle with white heterosexual males.

The presence of these outsiders, officials have warned, would risk security, weaken discipline and jeopardize the chain of command. In 1941 a special committee

wrote an impassioned letter to the Secretary of the Navy pleading that he consider "the close and intimate conditions of life aboard ship, the necessity for the highest possible degree of unity and esprit-de-corps, and the requirements of morale," before allowing black seamen to fight alongside white sailors.

Under the weight of justice and reason, these barriers have fallen one by one. The armed services were integrated by Harry Truman in 1948. Two weeks ago, the Senate voted to allow female pilots to fly in battle, though women soldiers are barred from serving in infantry combat units. But the discriminatory language and attitudes



MARK RICHARDS FOR TIME



CORPORAL ERIK BARKER

SERVED: seven years in the Air Force and Marine Corps, most recently as an accounting clerk in Saudi Arabia during Operation Desert Storm. **DISCHARGED:** April 1991, after another Marine, himself under scrutiny for being a homosexual, told Marine Corps investigators that Barker was gay.



COLONEL MARGARETHE CAMMERMEYER

SERVED: 23 years as an Army nurse, including a tour of duty in Vietnam. She won a Silver Star and a V.A. Nurse of the Year award. **DISCHARGED:** after she admitted to being a lesbian during an interview for a top security clearance. Officials had praised her outstanding leadership.



RICH FRISHMAN FOR TIME

still echo when it comes to gays and lesbians. According to the Department of Defense, "homosexuality is incompatible with military service. The presence in the military environment of persons who engage in homosexual conduct or who, by their statements, demonstrate a propensity to engage in homosexual conduct, seriously impairs the accomplishment of the military mission." The prohibition applies not only to those who admit to homosexual activity, but also to those who merely profess homosexual inclinations.

The Pentagon found its rationale under severe attack last week when the *Advocate*, a Los Angeles gay magazine, claimed that a prominent Defense Department official was homosexual. The *Advocate* said that while it does not generally condone "outing," it wanted to call attention to the hypocrisy of the Pentagon's policy on gays. Despite their fine performance in the war, nearly 1,000 gay and lesbian soldiers have been investigated and discharged this year. The flurry of criticism has Pentagon officials squirming to justify a policy whose existence and enforcement seem so at odds with the realities of American society.

Defense Secretary Dick Cheney was in no mood to defend the ban, calling it "an old chestnut" that he inherited from previous Administrations. But he also said he would make no move to overturn it. When asked how he could retain a high-ranking aide who is allegedly gay while forcing the dismissal of many homosexuals from the uniformed services, Cheney invoked a confusing double standard. Gays, he explained, could serve in civilian jobs, where

they would not necessarily pose a security risk. Yet a closet homosexual with access to classified information would surely be more vulnerable to blackmail than a lowly enlisted man.

Officials fall back on the notion that allowing homosexuals to serve on ships or in the trenches would undermine the services' order and morale. Strangely enough, that rationale seems to apply only in peacetime. When Operation Desert Storm was launched, the Pentagon suspended most investigations of suspected homosexuals because they were needed on the front lines. Hundreds of admitted gay soldiers and reservists went off to the gulf. In some cases they were told that once the fighting was over, they would face discharge if they made it back home.

To gay and lesbian soldiers, the Pentagon prohibition reflects only deep-seated prejudice. "It's based on the assumption that all homosexuals are sex maniacs and somehow incapable of acting maturely," says Joe Steffan, a star student who resigned from the Naval Academy in 1987 two weeks before final exams, after his superiors heard that he was gay. According to Allan Berube, author of *Coming Out Under Fire*, 100,000 to 200,000 of the 2 million members of the U.S. armed forces are gay, lesbian or bisexual. Most elude detection by being discreet. "The question is not, 'What happens if we let gays in the military?'" says Berube. "At least 99% stay and serve."

The effort to weed them out can be brutally effective. In January 1943, on the recommendations of military psychiatrists who redefined homosexuality as a medical

Policies Abroad

Britain: Bans homosexuals from its armed forces, although a parliamentary committee last May recommended dropping the policy, because it has resulted in "the loss to the services of some men and women of undoubted competence and good character."

France: Has no law forbidding gays to join the armed forces.

South Africa: Does not question draftees and permanent forces about their sexuality. But recruits who appear to be flagrantly homosexual may undergo a psychological examination and may be dismissed.

Soviet Union: Provides, under Article 121 of the Soviet Criminal Code (which applies equally to the military and civilians), that "Sexual relations of a man with another man... shall be punished by deprivation of freedom for a term not exceeding five years."

Japan: Admits gays into the armed forces. Homosexuality is not grounds for discharge or other punishment unless the performance of a soldier is impaired or he fails to "maintain the military's dignity."

Nation

disorder rather than a criminal activity, the armed forces decreed that gays could be discharged simply for having homosexual tendencies. Since then, between 80,000 and 100,000 gays and lesbians have been ousted from the military.

In some cities near military bases, vice-squad detectives routinely help military police hunt down soldiers at gay and lesbian bars. Interrogations can last 12 hours, during which suspects are threatened with exposure to their parents, dishonorable discharge, and in the case of some lesbians, loss of custody of their children. Many sus-

pects are pressured to reveal the names of other gay servicemen and -women. The interrogators, says Bridget Wilson of the Military Law Task Force in San Diego, which helps defend gay and lesbian service members, "are routinely dishonest, routinely incompetent and routinely lie to and terrorize service members in an attempt to get them to name other names."

Women are much more likely to come under fire than men, gay rights advocates charge, in part because the presence of women in the services has never been fully accepted. Wilson thinks the greater discharge rates of lesbians reflects the belief that "women in the military are thought to be either whores or dykes. So if you're not a whore you must be a dyke." Though any hint of homosexual activity means close scrutiny, gay military personnel say a good deal of wayward heterosexual activity is tolerated, even tacitly approved, by the military hierarchy. At the end of the gulf war, a Nevada brothel called the Mustang Ranch offered free passes to returning soldiers. "For some reason," says Wilson, "going to a whorehouse in their dress blues is not a problem."

By and large, the presence of gay soldiers is not a major issue within the ranks. Younger soldiers tend to view the prohibition as a relic of bygone bigotry. "People

have asked me, 'How would you feel if you were in the same trench as a gay person?'" says Aric Nissen, 20, a University of Minnesota junior and political-science major enrolled in ROTC. "My response is that I feel it's one more person we could use to help us get out of the trench." Joe Steffan found that while homophobic jokes were standard fare at Annapolis, "a lot of that is a façade. During my last few days, people I barely knew were coming up to me, shaking my hand and saying, 'I'm really sorry this is happening, and I really don't agree with this policy,' and I was stunned at how

form, was rejected as "technically flawed" and for exceeding its authority, but the results were leaked by sympathetic Congressmen. A second report, which was never submitted, found that gay soldiers were less likely to drink, take drugs, or have disciplinary problems than nongay soldiers.

Some high-ranking officials may be ready for a change. After Mary Ann Humphrey, an Army Reserve captain, was discharged for being a lesbian, she wrote a book called *My Country, My Right to Serve* and sent a copy to General Calvin Waller, who was General Norman Schwarzkopf's



Gay Warriors?

Historians suggest that **ALEXANDER THE GREAT** and **RICHARD THE LIONHEARTED** were homosexuals. In 1911 Rear Admiral **EDWARD BARRY**, commander of the U.S. Pacific fleet, was forced to resign after his alleged liaison with a cabin boy. World War I hero **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA** wrote that "men's bodies, in repose or in movement... appeal to me directly."



much understanding was underneath that façade of homophobia."

John Gwynn, 31, says that even before he resigned his commission, he felt most of his fellow officers on his nuclear submarine knew that he lived a double life. The submarine corps is highly educated, he notes, "and that seems to fight the ignorance." Of the 160 men on his boat, Gwynn suspects that at least five were known to be gay. But he felt that he was safe from being forced out of the closet. "It's different for officers—you're one of the boys, and [the officers] can't deny that they liked you. The sub is less anonymous and more like a club. As long as they weren't told, it didn't become an ugly incident."

But many gay soldiers continue to play it safe, lying about their sexual preference, fabricating heterosexual lovers, laughing at gay slurs, even entering into camouflage marriages. "It was frightening and horrible having to watch yourself all the time," recalls Dusty Pruitt. "The closet is a horrible place to be, and the military is in a deep closet."

Even before the gulf war, there were some stirrings for change from within the military establishment. Two years ago, the Pentagon commissioned a study that concluded that the antigay policy was irrational. The report, which never got beyond draft

deputy in the gulf war, "I trust that you and all of the other individuals who have experienced such discrimination will one day have your day in court," he wrote back. "It appears that society is about to accept that every person should have the freedoms and privileges that are granted under our great Constitution. Keep the faith!"

The pressure is also growing among organizations that do business with the military. Major college groups have urged that the policy be reviewed, after ROTC cadets were refused their commissions when they admitted to their superiors that they were gay. Faculty members have discovered that they can be denied military research grants if they come under suspicion of homosexuality during security-clearance investigations.

The policy can be overturned only by an act of Congress, a decision by the Secretary of Defense or a Supreme Court ruling. So far, the court has upheld the ban in all the cases it has agreed to hear, and despite public support for reversal, few politicians seem ready to take up the cause. Nonetheless, last week's furor revived a basic question: Can any country with volunteer armed forces afford to exclude talented people on the basis of fear? —*Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles, Tom Curry/New York and Bruce van Voorst/Washington*

To "Out" or Not to "Out"

The press wrestles with a thorny issue: When is it appropriate to reveal the private lives of public officials?

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

When the *Village Voice* was offered a free-lance article last month that purported to expose the homosexuality of a high Pentagon official, editors of the radical New York City weekly decided to reject the piece as an unwarranted invasion of privacy. Last week the same editors permitted a *Voice* columnist to summarize the allegations, complete with the official's name. The rationale for the turnaround: the man's identity had been so widely circulated by other news organizations that continued restraint would have been "a futile exercise."

But at the *Washington Post*, editors chose to cover the controversy without citing the official by name. Explained Karen DeYoung, the *Post's* assistant managing editor for national news: "Our policy is that we don't write about personal lives of public officials unless the personal aspects begin influencing the way they perform their jobs." The paper canceled a Jack Anderson column, normally a featured item, because it named the man, even though editors assumed many of Anderson's 700-plus clients would run the story, making the *Post's* discretion largely symbolic.

The hottest ethical issue for journalists these days is where to draw the line between two colliding rights, the individual's right to privacy and the public's right to know—and then, having drawn the line, how to avoid being pulled across it by cunning manipulators or by the competitive urge on a breaking story. In the case of the Pentagon official, the press coverage was not prompted by any crime, scandal or even news event. It was entirely brought about by gay activists pursuing a political agenda. They had no grudge against the official. Many professed to admire him. But they were determined to embarrass the Pentagon about its exclusion of gays from the armed services. To them, it was hypocritical for Defense Secretary Dick Cheney to retain a high civilian official, knowing—or at least not caring—that he was gay, while continuing to enforce antigay rules that apply to the uniformed ranks.

The activists had an arguable point about the apparent double standard within

the Pentagon. But their tactics are controversial, and the readiness of much of the nation's news media to carry the story about the official raised serious questions about journalistic ethics and quality control. The article exposing the official was printed last week by the *Advocate*, a Los Angeles-based gay magazine published ev-

permitted to remain anonymous. Even some unnamed sources knew nothing themselves but were merely quoting still more obscure acquaintances: in one anecdote an unidentified man said an apparent one-night stand, picked up in a bar, told him of having "dated" the official.

Hardly any serious newspaper, magazine or network would accept so loosely sourced a story from its own staff. Yet few journalists tried to verify the claims in the *Advocate* before repeating its main point. Syndicated columnist Anderson and his partner Dale Van Atta compounded the damage with a claim that the official "is considering resigning because of accusa-

tions that he is a homosexual." Instead, Van Atta admits, the official directly said in an interview he had no plans to quit. Asked to explain this contradiction, Van Atta lamely contended, "I said he was considering resigning, and that's a far cry from saying he was seriously considering it."

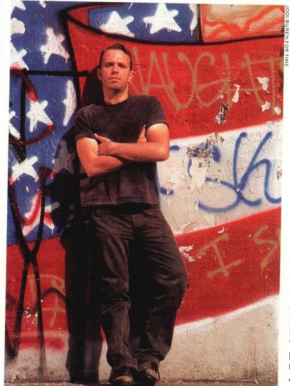
Though many major dailies declined to name the official, countless smaller papers ran the Anderson-Van Atta column. Among them was Pennsylvania's *Harrisburg Patriot*, from which the item was in turn excerpted for a Pentagon news summary distributed to 10,000 employees. Other dailies covered the outing debate. The *Detroit News* named the official twice in news stories; the *New York Daily News* identified him in a gossip column. All four TV news networks decided not to use the official's name, but secondary outlets used it, including cable channel CNBC, a corporate sibling of NBC piped into nearly 44 million homes, and New York station WPIX. Reasons ranged from sympathy with the gay activists' arguments to CNBC program executive Andy Friendly's observation, "Everybody's talking about this topic."

Whether it is staking out Gary Hart's bedroom, probing the background of an alleged rape victim or pondering the number of months that passed between marriage and

childbirth for the wives of Ronald Reagan and televangelist Pat Robertson, the press almost always strikes some people as having gone too far. For others, whose political cause is being advanced either intentionally or inadvertently, the deplorable can suddenly seem delightful. But the real question is not just who benefits from a media decision. Rather, it is whether the media behave thoughtfully and ethically. If news organizations, in the zeal to keep up with competitors, compromise their standards and let themselves be manipulated, they imperil their credibility and integrity—and ultimately everybody loses.

—Reported by

Linda Williams/New York



"The fact that a top Pentagon official is gay presents a double standard."

—MICHELANGELO SIGNORILE

ery two weeks. In a blatant bid for publicity and newsstand sales, the magazine faxed dozens of advance copies to mainstream journalists. The cover line referred to "outing" the official, a gay neologism for exposure of a homosexual by other homosexuals. The author, Michelangelo Signorile, pioneered the tactic in the defunct *New York City* gay magazine, *OutWeek*.

Most of the people Signorile quoted had only hearsay knowledge. Their main "evidence" was that the official had supposedly been a regular customer in years gone by at a predominantly gay Washington bar. The few sources who claimed first-hand knowledge about him were generally

SOCIAL PROGRAMS

Learn, Work and Wed

Wisconsin's Governor Tommy Thompson offers an imaginative—but controversial—solution to the problems of poverty and welfare dependency

By ALEX PRUD'HOMME

Keyola Lackey got pregnant in the 10th grade and dropped out of school. A year after her baby was born, she got pregnant again. With no husband and no job, she was living on welfare. Her mother begged her to go back to school, but Lackey wouldn't listen. Then, three years ago, Wisconsin state officials delivered a blunt message. "They told me I had to go to school to keep getting benefits," she recalls. "It was a big push." Last year she graduated from high school, and she is now studying to be an accountant at Milwaukee Area Technical College.

Lackey, 20, is one of the 1,000 Milwaukee County welfare recipients who have been sent back to school since Republican Governor Tommy Thompson launched his Learnfare program in 1988. Learnfare is one of a spate of carrot-and-stick reforms intended to break long-term dependency on state and federal handouts. It is a bold behaviorist experiment seeking to prove that, given the right rewards and punish-

ments, even the most underprivileged can become productive, self-reliant citizens. And if it works in Wisconsin, argues Thompson, 49, who is in his second four-year term, his plan can be the model for a radical recasting of welfare programs nationwide. Says he: "Our welfare-reform initiatives are geared to help individuals help themselves. Some people think they're very harsh, and some are. They're toughlove."

Thompson's attempt at social engineering has touched off a debate over the virtues of economic carrots and sticks. "It's been demonstrated that incentives work," says University of Chicago economics professor Gary Becker. "The controversy is over magnitude." But some critics charge that Thompson's policies—which basically seek to force welfare recipients to learn, work and wed—smack of Big Brotherism. They also accuse the Governor of oversimplifying poverty and human motivation. Changing behavior, notes Theodore Marmor, a political science professor at Yale, "is a lot more complex than simplistic microeconomics." Some even sense a veiled racism. "It's

no longer permissible to make direct appeals based on race," says Mark Greenberg, senior staff attorney of the Center for Law and Social Policy, but "making the attack on welfare recipients has the same effect."

Wisconsin seems an unlikely laboratory for welfare reform. After all, the state offers some of the country's highest benefits and lowest poverty levels. But the ideologically driven Governor has aggressively pushed to get people "off welfare, and onto the elevator of opportunity." And he claims that his toughlove works: while 40 states showed a 10% increase in the number of families receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children between July 1989 and April 1991, Wisconsin's case load increased only 2.8%.

Learnfare is Thompson's flagship incentive program. Designed to keep poor kids in the classroom and off the streets, it has proved extremely controversial. In the 1988-89 school year, Wisconsin sanctioned some 6,600 truant teens, saving the state an estimated \$3.3 million in AFDC benefits. Says Thompson: "The state of Wisconsin is

MICHAEL L. ABRAMSON FOR TIME



CARROTS AND STICKS

LEARNFARE

Launched in 1988, this program requires children ages 13 to 19 from welfare families to attend school regularly—or risk cuts of \$100 in their parents' monthly benefit. The sanctions can be tougher on unmarried teenage mothers, who face reductions of as much as \$190 a month if they are consistently truant. Today Learnfare covers 26,800 teens.

WORKFARE

Since 1987 Wisconsin has run a series of ambitious programs to ensure that adults on welfare are working or getting vocational training: those who do not comply with the requirements have their benefits docked. Of Wisconsin's 80,000 welfare recipients, 45,000 are enrolled in job programs under Workfare.

BRIDEFARE

Thompson's proposed Parental and Family Responsibility Initiative encourages the teenage mother to marry the father of her child. It would add \$77 to the \$440 monthly welfare check for a mother with one child if she married the father. But Thompson proposes to counterbalance that largesse by capping benefits after the family's first child, which would reverse the current policy of increasing welfare payments as the family grows.

TWO-TIER WELFARE

Complaining that Wisconsin has become "a welfare magnet" to poor outsiders, Thompson has proposed a two-tier system that would hold newcomers' benefits at the same level as the benefits in their home states for their first six months in Wisconsin.

Success story: single mother Keyola Lackey finished high school thanks to Learnfare

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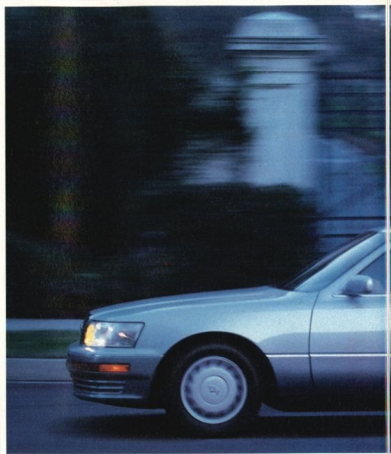
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watching them and saying, 'If your mother and father don't require you to go to school, the state is going to be there to make sure you [do].'

For some, the program seems an unqualified success. Hugging her three-year-old son and two-year-old daughter, Lackey praises the harsh medicine that put her back in the classroom. Learnfare "should be put in all the states," she says. "The people who criticize it want the money free and do nothing for it. But nothing comes free."

Others are less sanguine. A 1990 audit by the state legislature found that 84% of the appeals made by truant teens were overturned because of errors in records kept by the schools or the welfare agency. Furthermore, the Employment and Training Institute of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee found that in Milwaukee County less than 30% of the kids whose families had welfare payments docketed for poor attendance were actually in school two months after being sanctioned. Last summer U.S. District Court Judge Terence Evans ordered that Learnfare be suspended in Milwaukee. "Recipients," he wrote, "should not be made homeless and hungry in the name of social experimentation." In October, however, the judge reinstated Learnfare, after the city improved its record keeping and hired social workers to help truant teens.

The program's final report card won't be available until a federally ordered evaluation is completed later this year. Thompson declares that Learnfare "is encouraging teens to return to school and to attend regularly." But the evidence suggests otherwise. Whereas the dropout rate in Milwaukee was 10.5% in 1988, the year before Learnfare started, it skyrocketed to 14.7% in the 1989-90 academic year.

Thompson has also run into trouble with his proposed Parental and Family Responsibility Initiative, dubbed "Bridefare" by critics. The Governor prefers to call it "Make Room for Daddy" and insists that the program will make fathers more responsible for their children. Says Republican state representative Susan Vergeron: "The concept of trying to promote two-parent families makes good sense." But Democratic state representative Barbara Nosteine brands it "a state-sponsored shotgun wedding," and adds, "No one objects to bringing fathers in, but should the government do something that encourages teenagers to get married and limit their options?"

The Governor gripes that his state has become a "welfare magnet" for out-of-state poor because Wisconsin—despite a reduction of AFDC outlays of 6% to fund Thompson's reforms—has some of the highest benefits in the nation. In 1989 he proposed a two-tier system that would peg newcomers' benefits to those in their home states during their first six months of Wisconsin residency. Advocates for the poor challenge the legality of the double-barreled scheme, pointing out that the Su-

preme Court banned residency requirements for welfare benefits in 1969.

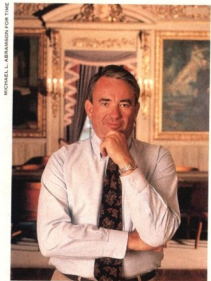
Thompson's most radical proposals have not yet got off the ground. Last month the Democratic-controlled state legislature rejected the Governor's bid to expand Learnfare by applying it to children as young as six. Wisconsin lawmakers have similarly voted down the two-tier benefits system and weakened the Bridefare plan. Undeterred, Thompson announced last week that he would push for a Federal Government waiver that would allow for a modified version of Bridefare.

Though the practical results of Thompson's experiment are meager so far, other states—like Ohio, Arkansas and Kansas—are experimenting with economic incentives of their own. And under the influence

of a Republican Administration that prefers self-help to government assistance, such ideas are likely to gain momentum.

Republican House whip Newt Gingrich has praised Thompson as an "activist conservative," and some tout the Governor as a rising G.O.P. star. There are even those Wisconsinites who, having watched ex-second baseman Thompson (he played for the Royal High School Hilltoppers) standing next to ex-first baseman George Bush at last month's major league All-Star game in Toronto, see their Governor as a possible future President. That may seem farfetched. But to many of those who elected Reagan and Bush, a man who tells welfare recipients to get off their rear ends and work for a living could have strong appeal. —Reported by Elizabeth Taylor/Milwaukee

Toughlove from Dr. No



Governor Thompson at the statehouse

Tommy Thompson learned the work ethic while polishing eggs and stacking groceries more than three decades ago at his dad's general store in the town of Elroy (pop. 1,596), 80 miles north of Madison, Wis. Farmers and railroaders would congregate there to talk about the weather, argue about politics, share their views on life. One bit of philosophy that young Tommy picked up from his father Allan was that "if you wanted anything, you worked for it."

That dictum inspired him to save up the money for his first bike at the age of six. Today it underpins the "toughlove" policies he is pursuing as Governor of Wisconsin. "We're glad to say he's a typical Wisconsinite," says Tilmar Roalkvam, 72, a retired Elroy postman who has known Thompson from childhood. "It's the work ethic. Being a good person."

Thompson's welfare reforms, says Milwaukee political analyst Charles Sykes, reflect a "Germanic tradition [that] is progressive but based on a bedrock sense of responsibility." As minority floor leader in the state legislature from 1981 to 1986, Thompson was known as "Dr. No" because of his relentless partisanship. He reinforces that hard-nosed image today with a sign on his desk that says NO SNIVELING. A 10-ft.-tall "Governor's Veto Pencil" stands in the corner; he has used the line-item veto more than 1,000 times since taking office.

Thompson, whose grandfather ran unsuccessfully for the state assembly in 1928 and whose father served on the Juneau county board, showed an early flair for politics. In 1966, just out of the University of Wisconsin-Madison Law School, he borrowed \$600, bought a 1959 Ford and campaigned successfully for a state-assembly seat. He was just 24. Following a failed 1979 congressional bid, he went on to win the governorship in 1986 and was easily re-elected last November.

Despite the attention generated by his reform ideas, Thompson is no intellectual. (A former state Democratic chairwoman once quipped that his I.Q. was smaller than her bra size.) But the secret of his success lies in his charm and powers of persuasion. "I'm probably one of the most gregarious, outgoing people that you've ever seen," he says. "You know, people have always underestimated me."

—By Elizabeth Taylor/Madison

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ABORTION

The Feds vs. a Federal Judge

A U.S. court bars pro-lifers from obstructing Wichita clinics, but the Justice Department sides with the demonstrators

By JOHN NELSON

They should say farewell to their family and bring their toothbrush, and I mean it, because they are going to jail." The author of that hardball warning is—or was until recently—a churchgoing Roman Catholic. Like several other public figures of the faith, notably New York's Democratic Governor Mario Cuomo, federal District Judge Patrick F. Kelly, 62, believes that his personal views on abortion, which he refuses to disclose, should not affect his responsibility to enforce the law of the land. Meaning, on this issue, *Roe v. Wade*. The judge's determination to stop pro-life activists from closing three abortion clinics in Wichita last week led to

blockades outside three local clinics; one of them is among the few that perform late abortions. TV cameras soon followed, since the protests turned out to be anything but passive. As they have done in other cities, the Operation Rescue vigilantes physically tried to prevent employees and patients from entering the clinics, harassing them all the while with slogans



Federal Judge Patrick Kelly; below, Operation Rescue protesters blockade a doctor's car at a besieged clinic



threats on his life and a confrontation with the Justice Department. The explosive, passion-stirring legal battle may take the U.S. Supreme Court to resolve.

And Wichita may never be quite the same. Tucked comfortably away in the middle of America's "flyover country," this conservative, image-conscious city (pop. 304,000) prefers to resolve its internal disputes—which customarily involve school-board squabbles or debates over nude dancing in bars—away from the glare of media attention. Thus there was some local discomfort in mid-July, when Operation Rescue, an aggressive antiabortion group based in Binghamton, N.Y., set up

like "Abortion stops a beating heart." As tensions rose, two of the clinics petitioned Kelly to stop the blockades, basing their legal argument on sections of an 1871 law popularly known as the Ku Klux Klan Act. Although the act was initially designed to protect freed slaves from intimidation by Southern whites, some federal courts have ruled that it may also be used to shield women seeking abortions from pro-lifers' wrath. With this as precedent, Kelly on July 23 enjoined Operation Rescue from blocking entrance to the clinics.

Hundreds of pickets have ignored the ruling, and more than 2,000 arrests have been made. Many protesters have been

hauled off more than once. Early last week Kelly ordered federal marshals to get tougher with the demonstrators and issued his jail-or-else warning. In support, abortion-rights advocates outside one of the clinics began to wave toothbrushes at Operation Rescue volunteers. Meanwhile, the judge accepted protection from federal marshals: anonymous threats had been phoned and mailed to his office and home. "This has been the most awkward and stressful time of my life," Kelly said. "It's scary."

Adding to his burden was an unexpected intervention by the Department of Justice. While Operation Rescue lawyers asked the 10th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals to vacate Kelly's antiharassment injunction, the U.S. Attorney for Kansas, Lee Thompson, filed an amicus curiae brief contending that federal courts had no jurisdiction over the case. Kelly, in an almost unprecedented TV interview on ABC's *Nightline* about the proceedings, angrily charged the Justice Department with giving its "imprimatur" to "a license for mayhem."

Administration officials denied siding with the pro-lifers on abortion's legality. Instead, they said, they were merely arguing some finer points of law. Because Operation Rescue targets all those involved in the abortion process, male as well as female, the KKK Act's protection of a class of persons suffering discrimination is not involved. In addition, says Justice, the clinics' proper avenue of redress was in state courts, not federal ones. "Nothing drove this other than consistency," said a former White House official, noting that the Justice Department had filed a similar brief in another case, now before the Supreme Court, involving Operation Rescue's tactics at abortion clinics in northern Virginia.

Although that case will have no direct impact on *Roe v. Wade*, there are four disputes pending in the lower courts that pro-lifers hope the Supreme Court will eventually use to either overturn or further limit the landmark 1973 ruling. One of them is Louisiana's tough new antiabortion law, which was struck down by a federal district judge last week.

Pro-choice advocates agreed with Judge Kelly's outraged view that Washington's meddling in the Wichita case was, as he put it, "political." Having already made its point in the Operation Rescue case before the Supreme Court, the Administration had no new legal arguments to make other than, apparently, to underline its already well-known distaste for *Roe*. Vacationing in Kennebunkport, Me., President Bush was asked whether the Justice Department's actions condoned the pro-life pickets' defiance of court orders. Not so, he answered: "Everyone has the right to protest, but it ought to be done within the law." Fair enough. But there is not much doubt about which law the Administration would like to see changed.

—Reported by Julie Johnson/Washington and Bud Norman/Wichita

AMERICAN NOTES

INVESTIGATIONS

Let's Get On with It!

The Senate Select Committee on Ethics is not known for speedy action or exemplary justice. In February the committee closed the books on four of the five Senators accused of intervening with federal regulators on behalf of failed S&L boss and campaign contributor Charles Keating Jr. However, the members continued to dither over what to do about the fifth Senator, Democrat Alan Cranston of California, who allegedly got \$984,000 in Keating campaign gifts for helping with the Feds. Last week, angered at the slow pace of the 18-month probe, North Carolina's Republican Senator Jesse Helms released a 247-page report on the Keating Five based on a draft by the committee's special counsel, Robert Bennett. It recommended that Cranston, 77, be censured for "unequivocally unethical" conduct. Cranston's office charged Helms with partisan politics, and the panel's leaders threatened to investigate Helms himself for leaking the report. Enough already! ■

MIA

Four Down, One to Go

For most Americans, the Vietnam War is a painful memory; for families of the 2,273 servicemen listed as missing in action, it is a wound that will not



Grounded F-16: Coming apart at the seams?

WEAPONS

No Wise Cracks

Until the gulf war, the Pentagon was under incessant attack for spending far too much on items that were all too flawed. Desert Storm quieted the critics, but now the pendulum is swinging back again. Air Force officials have confirmed the discovery of tiny fissures in the wing carry-through bulkheads on a number of its 1,875 F-16s (\$13.7 million apiece), many of which will have to be modified or prematurely mothballed. They have also found breaks in 37 of their 97 high-tech B-1 bombers, adding to the

troubles of the controversial and expensive (\$300 million apiece) craft.

Meanwhile, workers have found brittleness and cracks in most of the welds of the Navy's futuristic SSN-21 *Seawolf*-class submarine, the first of which is under construction in Groton, Conn. The responsibility seems to belong to the Navy, which set standards for welding a new high-tensile steel that apparently permitted too much carbon in the welding rod. Though the hull was 15% completed when the problem was detected, builders may have to start from scratch using new steel. There are serious doubts whether the \$2.5 billion sub-killing craft will ever go to sea. ■

BANKING

Bailout Boss Bails Out

Not many jobs could have been as exciting—or stressful—as overseeing the turbulent banking industry for the past six years. Since he became chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in 1985, William Seidman has seen more than 1,000 U.S. banks fail, and the number of institutions on the brink continues to grow. The FDIC, which guarantees the nation's bank deposits, has had to pay out more than \$24 billion during Seidman's tenure and is running low on reserves. Congress is working on legislation to replenish the funds. No wonder Seidman, 70, has decided to



William Seidman

step down when his term ends in October.

Although Congress valued his blunt appraisal of the severity of the banking crisis and his suggestions for reform, Seidman often rankled members of the Bush Administration. He was criticized by some for moving too slowly as head of the Resolution Trust Corporation, the government agency charged with managing and selling off foreclosed properties in the wake of the savings-and-loan mess. The likely candidate to succeed him at the FDIC: Federal Reserve director of banking supervision William Taylor. ■



Who are these men—Soviet civilians or missing American soldiers?

over the past two years. A bearded man in a white shirt shown in one photo was actually a Soviet baker working at a South Pole scientific station. The men shown in the other photos were also Soviet citizens.

The discovery casts more doubt on the fifth and most publicized photo, which depicts three men holding a sign with cryptic writing and dated May 25, 1990. Although the Pentagon has not formally discounted it, officials have linked it to an "admitted fabricator" belonging to a "ring of well-known Cambodian opportunists." U.S. investigators currently in Vietnam on a one-month mission to resolve MIA cases have interviewed dozens of officials and private citizens and examined numerous crash sites, and say they have found no evidence of surviving American soldiers. ■

"I WAS
a hit on
off,
off,
off,
off,
off
BROADWAY."

CHRISTI RANKIN, 18
St. Ignace College Prep., Chicago

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The Plot: High school senior wins young playwrights competition. Her play is performed to rave reviews. She is discovered by a famous producer, opens on Broadway, and goes on to write one smash hit after another, becoming the hottest playwright since Tennessee Williams...

It's every budding playwright's dream and Christi Rankin is no exception.



Her one-act play, "Off Highway 21," was judged a winner in the 1990 Chicago Young Playwrights Festival.

But this is no ordinary writing competition.

The four winners had their creations brought to life by Pegasus Players, a small, award-winning theater company from Chicago.

"Who'd have thought I'd see my first play actually performed on stage? Not me," says Christi.

Almost as exciting for her was being invited to attend rehearsals. And not just as a bystander, but a collaborator.

She worked with the director and the actors, making script changes as need be, just like a *real* playwright. "I had dreamt of becoming a set designer ever since I was nine and played a 'no-neck monster' in 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.' Now, I'm hooked. Theater's in my blood forever," says the next Neil Simon.

Pegasus had its humble beginnings 13 years ago, with its very first performance at a local county jail.

"At least we had a captive audience," quips Arlene Crewdson, its Artistic

Director and founder. "Our goal from the start has been to bring theater to people who don't ordinarily get a chance to see it."

So as part of its community outreach program, Pegasus gives away 20% of the tickets for each show to the elderly, the handicapped and to youth groups.

And this year, the Young Playwrights Festival reached out further than ever. An amazing 258 entries were received, more than double last year's response.

Toyota is proud to have funded the production of this enormously successful Festival.

For us to stand in the wings and watch these young people grow and learn with theater is truly inspiring.

By unearthing so much talent, Pegasus's impact on the theatrical arts is sure to be felt in the years ahead.

In fact, it would not surprise us at all if, in the future, we read the following happy ending to this story:

"Christi Rankin ends up with the love of her life: Tony Award."

TOYOTA

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

MIDDLE EAST

A Game of Chances

As three captives are freed and pressure grows on Israel to make a deal, can it be that the hostage era is drawing to a close?

By JILL SMOLOWE



In the cruel hostage game that is constantly being played out in the Middle East, a large measure of cool calculation always underlies the apparent madness.

Western pawns are seized and sometimes killed in direct retaliation for unpopular arrests, military strikes or political slights against governments in the region. Those who are released have been quietly bartered either for tangible rewards—weapons, cash—or for subtle political and economic gains—the enhancement of a regime's credibility, the restoration of diplomatic relations with a Western power, the exchange of prisoners.

So why was British journalist John McCarthy freed in Beirut last week after 1,940 days of captivity? Why now, after nearly a year of uneasy silence, punctuated by occasional threats about the fate of the remaining 12 Western hostages? And who orchestrated McCarthy's release: Iran? Syria? His captors? As ever, there was a stated trade-off. Islamic Jihad, a radical Shi'ite cell that operates beneath the larger umbrella of the pro-Iranian Hizballah, armed McCarthy with a sealed letter addressed to U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar. It is believed to call for the release of 300 Shi'ites from southern Lebanon and the release of 75 more prisoners held in Israel, among them the spiritual leader Sheik Abdul Karim Obeid.

But McCarthy's actual release was a something-for-nothing swap that for the first time pointed tantalizingly toward the prospect of a comprehensive resolution. McCarthy informed the world that Terry Waite, the British envoy for the Archbishop of Canterbury who disappeared Jan. 20, 1987, and was rumored to have

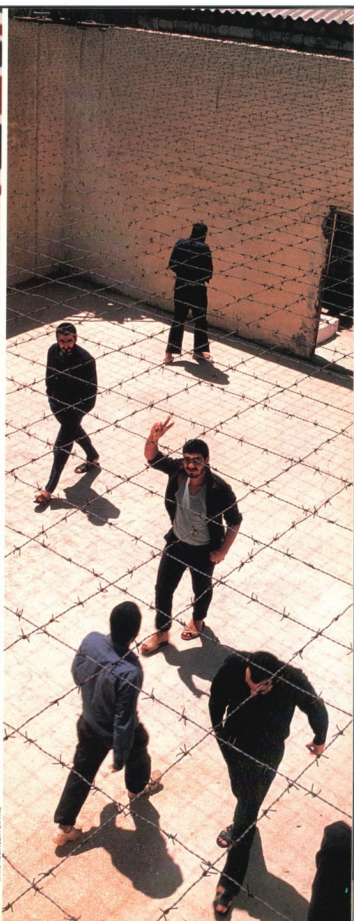
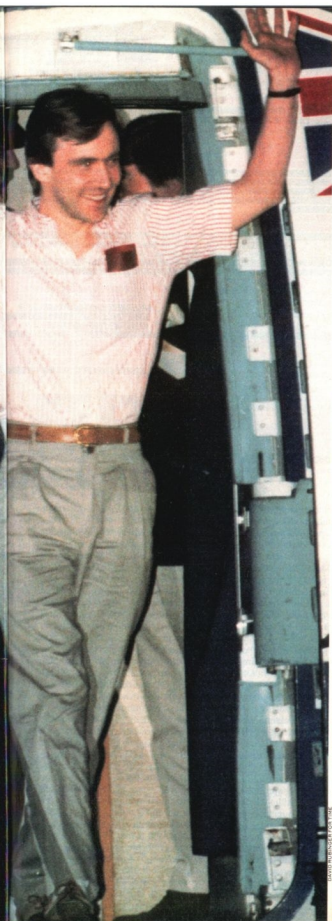
died, was alive and well. Islamic Jihad also sent a message that "health and living conditions are good" for the remaining captives. While Islamic Jihad holds only some of the hostages, its message, which appeared to be authoritative, suggested that the group is coordinating a complex negotiation for the release of all 12. Islamic Jihad signaled a new flexibility, dropping its perennial demand that Israel release Palestinian jailed during the course of the nearly four-year-old *intifadeh* in the occupied territories. It also flagged a willingness to mediate through the U.N., which, unlike Western governments, is prepared to negotiate openly with hostage takers.

The pace of liberation quickened on Saturday, when another Hizballah faction called the Revolutionary Justice Organization issued a communiqué stating that one American hostage would be set free within 72 hours. The message was accompanied by a photograph of Joseph Cicippio, the comptroller of American University of Beirut, who was abducted on Sept. 12, 1986. On Sunday, however, the group released a different hostage, Edward Austin Tracy, 60, a writer from Burlington, Vt., who was snatched one month after Cicippio. Tracy, who had spent 1,757 days in captivity, was driven immediately to Damascus to be turned over to U.S. authorities there.

The release of McCarthy and Tracy seemed to indicate that key players in the Middle East are finally tiring of the hostage sweepstakes. Since Iraq's ill-fated invasion of Kuwait a year ago, the currency of the hostages has been sharply devalued.

British journalist McCarthy's long ordeal is over. But the fate of the Shi'ites held at El Khiam prison in southern Lebanon remains uncertain.





LEAVED HIM IN THE HOUSE FOR THE

1984 U.S. continues pulling out troops after the 1983 bombing of the Marines barracks in Beirut that killed 241 servicemen. Fighting continues in Lebanon.

JEFFREY LEVIN
WILLIAM ROCKLEY
BENJAMIN WEIR

1985 Shi'ite Muslim extremists hijack a TWA flight from Athens to Rome; one American is killed. Israel bombs P.L.O. headquarters in Tunisia. Achille Lauro seized. Palestinian terrorists kill 20 civilians at Rome and Vienna airports.

PETER KILBURN
FATHER LAWRENCE TENGO
TERRY ANDERSON
MARCEL FONTAINE (French)
MARCEL CARTON (French)
ALEC COLLETT
JEAN-PAUL KAUFFMANN (French)
MICHEL SEURAT (French)
DAVID JAPORIEN
ERIKOS SEITZBERG (German)
ALBERTO MOLINARI (Italian)
JEAN-LOUIS NORMANDIN (French)
AUREL CORNEA (French)
BRIAN KEENAN (Irish)
JOHN MCCARTHY
FRANK HERBERT REED
JOSEPH JAMES CICCIPPO
EDWARD AUSTIN TRACY
ROGER AUQUE (French)
RUDOLF GORDES (German)
ALFREDO CRAMISI (Argentinian)
STEFAN WISHT
ALANN STEEN
JESSE JONATHAN TURNER
ROBERT POLNILL
MITHILESWAR SINGH (Indian)

1986 U.S. bombs Libya. Iran-Contra investigations begin.

HOSTAGES
AMERICANS
BRITISH
OTHER

1987 U.S. frigate is hit in the gulf by Iraqi missile. U.S. begins escorting Kuwaiti oil tankers through gulf. Shi'ite Muslim Hussein Ali Mohammed Hariri captured in Switzerland after hijacking Air Afrique jetliner. Intifadeh begins.

WHO HOLDS WHOM—AND WHY

Since 1984, a variety of Shi'ite fundamentalist groups have kidnapped more than 30 Westerners in Lebanon. Eleven men, including five Americans, are still in captivity. Each faction has its own agenda, but all operate under the umbrella of the pro-Iranian Hizballah. The groups include:

Islamic Jihad: Holds Terry Anderson, Thomas Sutherland and Terry Waite.

It first demanded the release of Shi'ite terrorists imprisoned in Kuwait, but their whereabouts have been unknown since the Iraqi invasion. Now it wants the release of 375 Shi'ites and other prisoners held by Israel or by the Israeli-backed South Lebanon Army, including Sheikh Abdul Karim Obeid, a Shi'ite cleric kidnapped by Israel in 1989.

Islamic Jihad for the Liberation of Palestine: Alann Steen, Jesse Turner. Has same demands as Islamic Jihad.

Revolutionary Justice Organization: Joseph Ciccipio, Edward Tracy. Wants release of Obeid.

Cells of Armed Struggle: Jack Mann. Aims unclear.

Holy Warriors for Freedom: Heinrich Struebig, Thomas Kemptner. Aims unclear.

Revolutionary Association of Socialist Muslims: Alec Collett (unconfirmed reports of death in 1986). Aims unclear.



Terry Anderson



Alec Collett



Thomas Sutherland



Alberto Molinari



Joseph James Ciccipio



Edward Austin Tracy



Terry Waite



Alann Steen



Jesse Jonathan Turner

Such longtime sponsors of terrorist activities as Iran and Syria now regard the hostages as a bothersome obstacle to the renewal of ties with the West. The faceless abductors themselves are reaping diminishing returns from the hiding, feeding and clothing of captives. One of the initial impulses that guided Islamic Jihad's first seizures back in the early 1980s—the freeing of 17 fundamentalists jailed in Kuwait—is now a moot point; after Iraq invaded Kuwait, the remaining 15 prisoners were set free.

The timing of the latest hostage releases may be linked to the growing likelihood that a U.S.-Soviet-sponsored peace conference on the Middle East will take place this fall. According to the byzantine theory offered by some Middle East experts, McCarthy's discharge conveniently pre-empted the favorable publicity Israel has received in recent weeks for its newfound willingness to attend a peace conference. If Israel now refuses to free the Shi'ite prisoners, it will be charged once again with intransigence. If Israel complies, the prisoners are released, and Syria, appearing to have delivered the hostages to the West, goes to the negotiating table with a strengthened hand. The role of the U.N. is also enhanced, a fact that will no doubt

please the Arab states and anger Israel.

In the hours immediately after McCarthy won his freedom, speculation intensified that other hostages—possibly American journalist Terry Anderson, the longest-held prisoner—would soon be released. But room must always be left in the Middle East for the unanticipated: eight hours after McCarthy's release, French relief worker Jérôme Leyraud was seized by two kidnappers in Beirut. It was the first abduction of a Westerner in Beirut since May 1989, and it too had a cold logic. An anonymous phone call from a man claiming to speak for the hitherto unknown Organization for the Defense of Peoples' Rights warned that if another hostage was released, Leyraud would be executed. A day earlier the same group had claimed responsibility for a grenade attack on a U.N. agency building in Beirut.

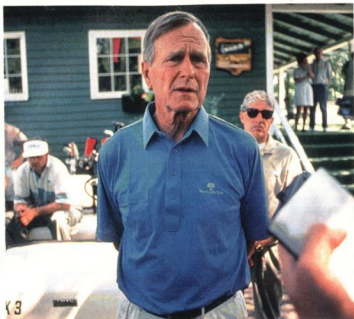
The immediate, angry reaction in the Arab world highlighted the deep rifts that exist among kidnapping clans inside Lebanon. Hours before Leyraud disappeared, Lebanon's most influential Shi'ite cleric, Sheikh Mohammed Hussein Fadlallah, renewed his persistent calls for a freeing of all foreign hostages. In successive interviews with British and American journalists, Fadlallah insisted that "the ploys of hostage dealing have been exhausted" and

that even Iranian hard-liners "desire an end to the whole problem."

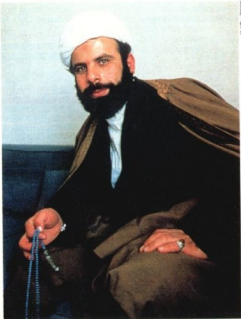
Syria's response indicated that Damascus was outraged by the abduction. Syrian troops, joined by Lebanese forces, quickly mounted a search for Leyraud, checking cars halted at roadblocks erected every 25 yds. in West Beirut. Damascus also delivered an ultimatum, warning that Leyraud must be set free within 48 hours or security forces would go door-to-door, raiding homes to find him. Shortly after the raids began, Lebanon's National News Agency reported on Sunday that Leyraud had been freed. An anonymous caller said the kidnappers had released the Frenchman to promote efforts to gain freedom for Lebanese prisoners held in Israel.

Iranian President Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, meanwhile, had his own reasons for promoting the release of Western hostages. The pragmatic Rafsanjani regards the hostages as relics of an era no longer relevant to his country's problems. Iran, which yields much more influence than Hizballah, desperately needs Western credits, trade and technology to rebuild after its devastating eight-year war with Iraq, which ended in 1988. Rafsanjani, who knows improved relations with the West hinge on the happy resolution of the hostage drama, undoubtedly ordered or at

World



Bush: a determination not to give the kidnappers fresh leverage.



Sheik Obeid is among the 75 prisoners held in Israel.

willing to trust Washington to make good on its pledge to force Israel to give up at least part of the Golan Heights. Assad also aims to get Syria off the State Department's terrorism list, thus paving the way for normalized relations with the U.S. and an infusion of American investment and trade.

Still, some of the old Syrian hostility showed last week, as Foreign Minister Farouk al-Shara'a seized upon McCarthy's release to tweak Israel. Although the continued imprisonment of Western hostages by several Hizballah factions shows that Syria and Iran either cannot or will not assert firm control over all the kidnappers operating in Lebanon, al-Shara'a insisted the "only condition" holding up freedom for the remaining Western hostages was the release of the prisoners held by Israel. Pérez de Cuéllar and the British Foreign Office also appealed to Israel to swap its prisoners for the hostages.

Despite that mounting chorus, the U.S. insisted that there should be no deals. The hostages, said White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, should "be released immediately, safely and unconditionally." The Bush Administration also tried to dampen expectations of further hostage releases anytime soon. The caution was intended not only to protect the White House from political fallout at home in case no other hostages were freed but also to avoid giving the kidnappers the impression that renewed public concern about Anderson and his comrades gave them fresh leverage over the Administration. Says a senior White House official: "The

lesson of the Carter and Reagan administrations' experience with Iran is that you shouldn't make heroes out of your hostages."

The signals from Israel are clear: a deal can be worked out. With Hizballah no longer demanding the release of Palestinians jailed for their *intifadeh* activities, Israel is willing, even eager, to comply with demands for the release of the 375 Shi'ites and other prisoners. The sticking point is seven Israeli prisoners, captured over the years in Lebanon, who Israel insists must be released as part of the bargain. It is not known, however, how many of the seven are dead. Last week Hizballah announced that at least one, Ron Arad, is alive. Israel is demanding a strict accounting of the seven—confirmed by the International Red Cross—before any deal is made. If Islamic Jihad agrees to those terms, there is still no guarantee that it is in a position to deliver all seven, dead or alive.

There is at least one other wild card: the future of the Lebanese brothers Mohammed and Abbas Hammadi. The two members of a prominent Shi'ite family associated with Hizballah are imprisoned in Germany—Mohammed for his part in the 1985 TWA hijacking, Abbas for the abduction of two German businessmen. Some Lebanese and Syrian officials believe that Leyraud's seizure was an attempt by a third Hammadi to secure the release of his brothers. Western intelligence officials say the Hammadi family has warned the leader-

ship of Hizballah that it will release none of its hostages until the Hammadi brothers are set free.

That leaves the bargaining power of Islamic Jihad weakened at a time when the organization is finding itself increasingly politically isolated. McCarthy's and Tracy's release may have been a desperate attempt to remind an inattentive international audience of the fundamentalists' agenda. But as the Leyraud abduction demonstrated, that agenda is fragmented and riddled by competing demands. Islamic Jihad may also have acted in hopes of preventing a Syrian disarming of fundamentalist camps in Lebanon and of gaining new respect from disaffected Shi'ites. Says Richard Murphy, former U.S. Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs: "It's getting pretty lonesome these days to be a hostage holder."

Analysts now predict that it may take a series of bilateral deals to resolve the hostage crisis over the next several months. Some of the kidnapping clans inside Lebanon, fearful of Syria's strengthened presence, may react with greater intransigence, wielding the hostages as protection against Syrian reprisals. Because of their high profile, Terry Waite and Terry Anderson, the best-known hostages, may be the last to walk free. But at least, notes Sir Anthony Parsons, a British Arabist and a former ambassador to Iran, "everybody is facing in the same direction." And that is surely the most promising sign to emerge from the hostage madness in a long time.

—Reported by
Anne Constable/London, Lara Marlowe/Beirut
and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington

Surviving in Captivity

Though life has reportedly improved, the remaining hostages are still suffering at the hands of their Shi'ite captors

By **BRUCE W. NELAN**



"Tolerable" was the word John McCarthy carefully chose to describe living conditions during his most recent months as a hostage in Lebanon. He assured the families of three of the men who had been held with him—Americans Terry Anderson and Thomas Sutherland and fellow Briton Terry Waite—that when he last saw them, "they were in good health and good spirits."

McCarthy also said mildly that his first two years as a prisoner were "very difficult." In fact, the years after he was kidnapped in Beirut in 1986 were hellish. Brian Keenan, an Irish teacher released last year who spent part of his captivity with McCarthy, described life with Islamic Jihad: "Tiny, tiny cells, constant blindfolds, prolonged days in the dark, sometimes weeks without light." The guards, he said, "just could not control the urge to beat very badly." When he and McCarthy were moved from one vermin-infested flat to another, they were covered with tape and stuffed under the floorboards of a truck.

For Associated Press correspondent Anderson, who has been held since March 1985, longer than any other Westerner, it has been at least as bad. Some of the hostages freed earlier have reported that Anderson's first cell was a cramped room in Beirut's Shi'ite slums where he lay chained and blindfolded. Later he and four others were moved to a basement dungeon that was partitioned into cubicles. The guards beat them and repeatedly threatened to kill them. Food was a meager ration of bread, tea and cheese.

Shared suffering did not make the cramped quarters any easier for them to bear. Anderson, a liberal Democrat, and another hostage, David Jacobsen, a conservative Republican, found that politics could make strained bedfellows. After his release, Jacobsen told a British newspaper, "I was chained for 19 months, night and day, with Terry Anderson, a bleeding-heart liberal. It was hell for me, and you can imagine what it was like for Terry Anderson."

Later, when several men shared a room and were allowed to remove their blindfolds, Anderson carried out a com-

pulsive daily routine of cleaning, pacing the room, talking aloud. Keenan says, "Terry's a bit of a bulky and belligerent man" with "a voracious hunger for intellectual conversation." Anderson went on a hunger strike at least once. Keenan says Anderson took his ailments stoically, "for in truth all pain and illness were generally dismissed by our keepers, though they would eventually supply us with some form of antibiotics."

The hostages held regular Christian services in their "Church of the Locked Door," using bits of bread to celebrate Communion. Anderson had been a lapsed Catholic but rediscovered his faith with the counsel of another prisoner, the Rev. Lawrence Jenco, who was freed in July 1986.

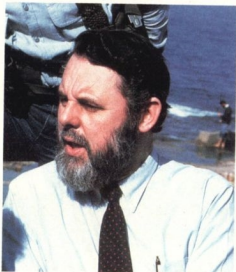
After guards took away the chess set he made from tinfoil, Anderson asked Sutherland to teach him French. Sutherland also kept them occupied with lectures on agriculture and his Volvo car. One day at the

Lebanon had warned him not to return, saying the situation was too dangerous. Waite ignored them. He vanished while waiting in a go-between's home to meet representatives of Islamic Jihad. For years no faction claimed to be holding him, and nothing was heard of him. Many Western officials privately concluded he had been killed, possibly because he was suspected of working with the Reagan Administration in the arms-for-hostages swap with Iran.

Keenan raised new hopes after his release a year ago. He said he was convinced Waite was still alive and was being held in isolation in Beirut. He told a television interviewer that his guards had called the man in the cell next to his "Terry," and he knew it wasn't Anderson.

Some time after that, Waite was allowed to join McCarthy, Anderson and Sutherland. "We had to work very hard between us to keep our spirits up," McCarthy said last week. "We have done that very well, I think. The men I was with—Terry Waite, Terry Anderson and Thomas Sutherland—were all very strong men. They supported me, and I hope I've supported them."

He added that Waite had been serious-



Negotiator turned hostage: church envoy Terry Waite



The Westerner held the longest: Terry Anderson

end of 1987, overcome by frustration, Anderson banged his head on the wall until his scalp bled. But later, when a French hostage, Marcel Fontaine, said he hoped not to die a prisoner, Anderson replied, "I don't want to die anywhere." Like Anderson, Sutherland experienced days of despair. Several times he tried, but failed, to suffocate himself with plastic bags.

Much less is known about the conditions of Waite's captivity. The Church of England envoy was on his fifth trip to Beirut to negotiate for the freedom of other hostages when he was kidnapped in January 1987. British diplomats and friends in

ly ill. "He had a very bad problem with his lungs—asthma," said McCarthy. "They did take him to a doctor and gave him medicine for that, and now I hope that he will be okay until he is released."

Former hostage Jacobsen, once director of the American University Hospital in Beirut, has predicted they will make it. "If you can last a month," Jacobsen said last year, "you can last forever. The only danger is illness." The remaining hostages have already survived illness and years of cruelty and boredom. Now it is up to their captors to decide how many of them will be allowed to savor freedom.



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But Dr. Haller sees hope in the children. "These are bright, happy active kids. And I'm demonstrating to them that someone does care about them. That their existence does make a difference."

The American Medical Association (AMA) salutes Dr. Haller in his selfless efforts to raise the

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As Dr. Haller puts it, "Sometimes that's what people need. To have someone say 'you're important. You have a reason for being.'"

If you would like to learn more about the AMA's position on people outside the health care system, write Larry Jellen, Dept. 201, American Medical Association, 515 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610 and we will send you our latest booklet called Five Issues in American Health.

American Medical Association

Physicians dedicated to the health of America



Deep in Kidnapper Country

Hizballah meets its newest and perhaps most potent enemy: tourists



The Roman temple of Jupiter once resembled Athens' Parthenon but was much bigger; today only six columns remain

By LARA MARLOWE BAALBEK



Baalbek is the most schizoid of Lebanese towns, home to both ancient beauty and modern terror. Dominating the landscape are the magnificent, 2,000-year-old ruins of three Roman temples, their stone pillars rising high above the Bekaa Valley. Since 1983, Baalbek has also been under the control of the Shi'ite Muslim fundamentalist group known as Hizballah (Party of God), whose members claim allegiance to Iran. Operating under several different names, Hizballah is believed to have plotted the 1983 bombing of Marine headquarters in Beirut that killed 241 Americans. Since 1982, groups tied to Hizballah have kidnapped more than 30 Westerners in Lebanon, including more than a dozen Americans.

Lebanese kidnappers still hold 13 hostages, six of them American. Though the whereabouts of the captives are unknown, rumors often place them in Baalbek or surrounding villages. Yet at the moment, Hizballah's grip on Baalbek is threatened by the advent of peace. Lebanon's 15-year civil war ended last October, when Syrian troops ousted General Michel Aoun, the renegade Christian leader, from his power base in Beirut. Over the past few months, thousands of Lebanese tourists have begun to return to Baalbek, and both their dress and behavior are anathema to Islamic fundamentalists.

Slowly, Hizballah is losing its influence over daily life. The Iranian flag still flies from the watchtowers of the former Lebanese Army base, but its red, green and white stripes have faded to a uniform pastel. Many of the hundreds of Iranian Revolutionary Guards who lived inside the barracks have reportedly left. Many women used to wear chadors, but now relatively few do; over the past 18 months, the Iranians stopped paying them to wear the long black veils.

But the fundamentalist Shi'ites will not give up their capital without a struggle. When 20,000 people, mostly schoolchildren, gathered in the ruins for a Peace Day sponsored by the Lebanese Ministry of Tourism in June, Hizballah fired its anti-aircraft artillery and the celebration ended in panic. The ruins had been transformed, complained Hizballah in a communiqué, "into a market where women show their flesh and where obscene proposals are exchanged."

The condemnation was accompanied by a warning: "If peace signifies debauchery and delinquency, it won't see the light of day. And if tourism means lust among the ruins, we will destroy these temples on the heads of the evildoers."

Hussein Musawi, 48, leader of the Islamic Amal wing of Hizballah and the most powerful man in the city of 150,000, smiles when the communiqué is mentioned. "The young men who wrote this are a little hotheaded," he says. "We advised them to exercise moderation. The ruins are ours."



Why would a man bury himself in his own house?"

But the campaign of intimidation has continued. In mid-July a grenade exploded in one of the Roman temples, again routing the tourists. When three buses from the Christian coastal town of Jounieh arrived during the Muslim feast of Ashura last month, Hizballah followers blocked the road and told the visitors to leave on the grounds that the Muslims were mourning the martyred 7th century Imam Hussein.

"Hizballah put up banners saying 'Leave Our Town Alone' and 'Whoever Wants to Come to This Town Must Respect Its Customs,'" says a Baalbek housewife who witnessed the incident. "That night the Hizballah TV station showed a videotape of the tourists, and the commentator said, 'Look at this corruption, this sinful behavior.' But the tourists weren't

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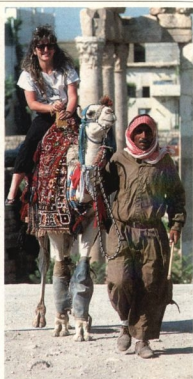
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How about \$1 for a camel ride?



No public displays of affection wanted, but the selling of trinkets is tolerated for now

dancing or singing. They just came to look." The city's several thousand Syrian troops tolerate Hizballah's activities but would probably intervene should the culture clash escalate. "The Syrians could make this place free," says a Baalbek merchant. "But this is Syria's gift to Iran."

According to Musawi, Baalbek's Islamic leaders have no objection to non-Muslims' visiting the ruins. "But we cannot accept drinking in public places, men walking with women or public displays of affection," he adds. Nor does Musawi welcome the Lebanese government's plans to resume Baalbek's summer festival. From 1955 until the outbreak of war 20 years later, some of the world's leading talents performed under the stars on the steps of the temple of Bacchus. Ella Fitzgerald, Cole Porter, Ginger Rogers, Claudio Arrau and Mstislav Rostropovich are but a few of the celebrities who have signed the guest book now locked in the safe of the Palmyra Hotel, across the street from the ruins. Says Musawi: "The people of this region no longer want this loose living."

But a few miles from Musawi's well-guarded office, visitors to the archaeological sites are pestered by the keepers of five camels with brightly colored saddlebags. "Have your picture taken on a camel. Only \$1!" they shout in Arabic and French. Hucksters offer cold soft drinks, small brass replicas of the temples and postcards.

A Kalashnikov in his lap, a Syrian soldier sits on a lawn chair in front of the monumental staircase leading into the ru-

ins. The soldier smokes cigarettes, chews watermelon seeds, and jokes with the Syrian plainclothesmen who, like him, are there to keep peace.

The ancient porticoes and 70-ft.-high granite columns dwarf the tourists wandering among them. From the esplanade of the temple of Jupiter—once the world's largest Roman temple—Anita Tarossian, 19, and her fiancé, Hagop Bedrossian, 23, stand gazing at the temple of Bacchus below them. The Armenian-Lebanese couple have returned from Toronto this summer. They epitomize all that Hizballah objects to. A gold-and-turquoise crucifix hangs from a chain around Anita's neck. Both wear shorts and stand with their arms around each other. "We don't care what Hizballah thinks," says Bedrossian. "Let them object if they want to."

But the battle of wills in Baalbek is about more than a question of shorts and hand holding. It is about the refusal to relinquish territory. "Baalbek was left to rot by the Lebanese government," says Musawi. "The Maronites are supposed to be the rulers in this country and everyone else their slaves. Hizballah rose up out of Baalbek to fight against Israel. Baalbek is the capital of the Islamic resistance."

Let anyone doubt it, the main road into Baalbek bears a sign saying "Martyrs of Islam Street, the road to Jerusalem." A 15-ft.-high replica of Jerusalem's al-Aqsa mosque stands in the middle of the highway. Nearby, the side of a building is painted with the face of Ayatullah Khomeini

and the words ISRAEL MUST BE WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

Residents admit that the Iranians did many good things for the city. The Khmeini Hospital, still under Iranian direction, provides the best medical care in the Bekaa at half the cost of other hospitals. The Path to Faith discount supermarket is open to all. The Iranians dug wells, installed electric generators and even built a fishery.

Yet despite these good works, the people of Baalbek resent the Iranian accents affected by their local sheiks, the ban on alcohol and the isolation of their economy. "Lebanese Shi'ites are a joyful people," says Hussein, 40, a shopkeeper. "We don't mind Hizballah fighting Israel, but they're not fighting Israel from Baalbek. Whenever there is an Israeli attack anywhere in Lebanon, they turn on the air-raid siren. It's a good way to politicize people. But if they hear people are dancing in the park at Ras-el-Ain, they also turn on the air-raid siren."

In the late afternoon, as the sun god worshipped here by the ancients transforms the acropolis to a glowing pink, visitors clamber beneath friezes of grapevines and laughing fauns. Zeinab, 26, a Shi'ite woman from Baalbek, trudges down the dusty road past the temple of Venus carrying a bag of bread and an empty bucket. She is eight months pregnant and wears a long, loose-fitting dress. "The tourists should wear what they want to. I like to see them," she says. "Since they started coming, it feels a lot freer."



DISASTERS

Going, Going ...

A captain's flight from his doomed ship raises a debate about traditions of the sea

The order to abandon ship automatically presupposes two rules: women and children first, and the captain is last to leave or goes down with his vessel. Romanticized in novels and films, as well as history, the maxims seem almost to have the force of law. Thus, though all 571 people aboard the Greek cruise liner *Oceanos* survived its spectacular sinking off the coast of South Africa last week, the ship's captain, Yiannis Avranas, has been widely castigated as both cowardly and irresponsible. Avranas, 51, left the *Oceanos* by rescue helicopter, while some 160 passengers, including several elderly and infirm, still awaited evacuation. He abdicated the hero's role to a South African entertainer, who not only operated the shipboard radio and made certain everyone was safe but also rescued Avranas' dog and released the captain's pet canary from its cage before becoming one of the last to quit the sinking vessel.

In reality, there is no law of the sea that requires the captain to

remain to the end. Avranas, backed by his employers, argued that communications were so bad on board that the evacuation was best directed from land. But he did not help his cause with statements he made immediately after the disaster. "When I order abandon ship, it doesn't matter what time I leave," he said. "Abandon is for everybody. If some people like to stay, they can stay."

Avranas' "crime" was failing to fit the mold of tradition, exemplified by, among others, Captain E.J. Smith of the *Titanic*. Smith exhorted those who remained on board the doomed liner to "Be British!" made sure women and children left first, and did go down with his ship (along with about 1,500 others).

Such nautical chivalry, however, began only in Victorian times. Previously, women were tossed overboard in emergencies so that men could have a greater supply of rations. The modern ideal has its own rough edges. On the *Titanic*, "women and children first" was enforced by guns. "Children" often excluded little boys, who were expected to be little men. And immigrant women and children in steerage didn't qualify for the noblesse oblige above decks.

Going down with the ship may in some way have been an escape. After all, Smith had boasted, "I cannot conceive of any disaster happening to this vessel." Betrayal by the sea, however, can be punishment enough for a mariner. Pelted by critics, Avranas said last week, "I have lost my own ship. What more can they want?"

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan



PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD



SWITZERLAND

Angst Rises In the Alps

Marking its 700th birthday, Europe's most successful nation frets that in order to keep up it may have to abandon its splendid isolation

By **FREDERICK PAINTON AND
ADAM ZAGORIN** ZÜRICH

Not even the Swiss can resist making disparaging remarks about themselves and their country. Poet Carl Spitteler claimed that if the Swiss had created the Alps, they would not have been so high. Playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt noted that his country's vaunted neutrality "makes me think of a virgin who earns her living in a bordello but wants to remain chaste." Not surprisingly, the Swiss celebrated the septi-centennial of their confederation this month with restraint.

"Seven hundred years, that's enough." So went the slogan of some 300 left-leaning intellectuals protesting ceremonies for a nation they consider too rich, too smug and too hypocritical to rate any respect for its age. Even the voters of the central Swiss cantons—loosely the equivalent of America's 13 original states—opted against any spectacular celebrations. They judged it an environmentally harmful and needless extravagance.

The climax of the festivities took place this month in the Rütli meadow overlooking Lake Lucerne. The field can be reached only on foot, so the celebrators clambered up the bank of the lake to gather at the historic site where, according to legend, rebellious farmers from the founding cantons swore the first oath of Swiss allegiance in 1291. The backdrop was dramatic but fittingly modest: no parades down grand boulevards, just a nostalgic tribute by a modern industrial nation to its simpler, farming roots. When night fell, bonfires and fireworks lit the sky.

Beyond a distaste for excess, the reluctance of the Swiss to indulge in a splashy

birthday bash also reflects a country increasingly ill at ease with itself. The questions raised go to the very foundations of what made Switzerland exceptional—its status as an Alpine refuge protected from the wars and revolutions that have ravaged the rest of Europe through the centuries. The Swiss like to say they are less a nation than a conglomerate formed by disparate mountain people under pressure to defend themselves against outside threats—from the Habsburgs and the Bourbons to Hitler.

Europe now is once again caught up in a period of rapid change, riding the dynamic toward ever closer unity. By the beginning of 1993, if all goes well, the 12 members of the European Community will have created a single market that, with 345 million people, rivals the U.S. in economic muscle. Far from prizing their traditional standoffishness, many of the 6 million Swiss are asking if they can afford to remain on the sidelines of this





AP/WIDE WORLD

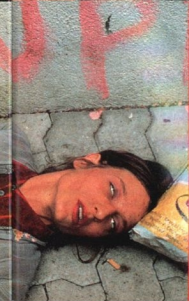
new Europe. Does neutrality still make sense as the risk of war in Europe recedes and the vision of a confederation stretching from the Atlantic to the Urals advances? Can Switzerland hope someday to join the E.C. and still retain its highly decentralized system of direct democracy?

Ironically, Switzerland is a minimodel for the new confederal Europe. No melting pot here; instead it is a patchwork stitched together for common convenience—and prosperity—with each part retaining its distinctive culture and mores. There is no center, no dominating commercial or political capital. Power here is even more discreet than money, and like money in this richest of all European countries, it is spread around.

Four Swiss views: a cheesemaker continues a tradition, producing one of the country's most famous exports; the banks of Lake Lucerne, birthplace of a nation; trucks backed up at the border with Italy; in Zurich's sordid Platzspitz, a drug addict passes out



AP/WIDE WORLD



AP/WIDE WORLD

The seat of federal government is in Bern, a medieval city of arcades, spires and fountains, full of politicians, government officials and farmers, whose open market in front of the gray-green stone parliament building is a reminder of the country's revered peasant past. A world away is Geneva, severe and handsome, with a touch of francophone chic, an international city, where summits are held and diplomatic deals are made. Solid, comfortable Zurich is at once the banking center and, along with Basel, at the bend of the Rhine, the cultural heart for German speakers.

For all these varieties of Swiss, the temptation to march in the European parade is at hand, but it is far from clear whether Switzerland will succumb. Last June, in one of the most important referendums in years, a majority rejected adoption of a value-added tax, a reform that would have brought the Swiss fiscal system closer to that of its European neighbors. Says Christoph Blocher, Zu-

rich industrialist and member of the federal parliament who is leading a campaign against E.C. membership: "If Switzerland joined, it would have a lot to lose: sovereignty, independence, democratic rights, neutrality and security, and it would suffer lower wages and higher taxes."

The E.C.'s momentum confronts Switzerland with an immensely difficult choice: to join, thereby yielding some power to Brussels, and benefit directly from the dynamism of the new Europe, or to stay out and retain its jealously guarded independence. A third option involves the talks now under way with Brussels to create an economic area in which goods, services, capital and labor would flow freely, thereby according Switzerland many of the benefits of E.C. membership but without a loss of sovereignty. The price of that compromise is that Switzerland would not have a strong voice at the table where decisions affecting its future are made.

Many businessmen and political leaders believe the greater risks lie in not joining. In the long run, they reason, the emerging new Europe will forge ahead, leaving Switzerland behind with a declining and aging population, still prosperous and tranquil but stagnating outside the mainstream of history. "The train is leaving," says Hans Baer of Zurich's Julius Baer Banks.

Businessmen like Baer worry less about adverse economic effects than about the psychological and social impact of going it alone. If Switzerland stays outside the E.C., they say, Swiss students will lack the Europe-wide educational opportunities offered other European youth; Swiss scientific and industrial research might suffer from not joining in bigger projects.

Although large Swiss multinationals like the engineering giant Asea Brown Boveri and food conglomerate Nestlé have a global

presence, scores of less dynamic firms do not and could find themselves at a competitive disadvantage. Even Switzerland's powerful banks and insurance companies will come under pressure as E.C.-based rivals operate in newly deregulated markets. "We must look at Switzerland as if it is a corporation," says the head of the economy department, Jean-Pascal Delamuraz. "How competitive are we? Perhaps we have been successful for too long. Perhaps we have lost a little of our dynamism."

For the time being, that is not evident. By most standards, the country can claim to be Europe's most successful society. Its citizens work longer hours, save more money and invest more, privately, in research and development than any of its neighbors, including the Germans. The payoff has been generous. In 1989 the GNP

per capita was \$30,270, the highest in Europe (and 43% above the U.S. level). Unemployment, at 1.1% of the work force, is virtually nonexistent. By comparison, unemployment in France currently stands at 9.5%; in Germany, at 6.3%.

Slowly, though, the Swiss are becoming more like other Europeans. The majority that opposed a reduction in the working week from 42 to 40 hours is eroding because more and more, life-style is taking priority over industriousness. Church attendance is dropping in a country once exceptional for its piety. Even the country's citizen army, a hallowed symbol of national identity capable of fielding one of the largest and best-equipped forces in Europe, has lost public esteem. In a referendum two years ago, 35.6% voted to abolish the armed forces.

The Swiss have also discovered they are not immune to the social ills that afflict others. The country has Europe's highest incidence of AIDS and a rising drug-related crime problem. In Zurich's Platzspitz, a sordid, officially sanctioned Needle Park nestles only a few minutes' walk from the banking district where the city's fabled gnomes control the levers of the national economy. Narcotics are sold openly amid the greenery, while dazed, long-haired youths inject themselves using free

syringes provided by Zurich's local government in a controversial program to control AIDS.

To many reformers, Europe appears as a potential remedy to a system of government so decentralized that it is often paralyzed in the face of change. Each of the country's 26 cantons enjoys virtual autonomy on everything from traffic regulations to taxes and schooling. Those favoring change also argue that it might fix an apathy problem that stands out in Europe (though it would not in the U.S.). Only about 40% of Swiss voters go to the polls, compared with an average of

wardnadze had sent an official delegation to Bern to study Swiss democratic federalism as a possible solution to the gathering movements of national independence in his country.

The Swiss are very aware—arguably too aware—of what they have achieved, and for this reason, they do not for the present seem ready to gamble away a 700-year-old success story. But for the first time in this century, they must at least begin to contemplate an alternative destiny. —With reporting by Margaret Studer/Zurich and Ellen Wallace/Geneva



A tribute to simpler roots: soldiers during the Rütli ceremony

60% in the 1940s. Nicolas Hayek, who is credited with saving the country's watch industry from Japanese competition by promoting the immensely popular Swatch (80 million have been sold worldwide since the brand was launched nine years ago), complains, "We used to be a mountain people who got things done. Now we are stagnating in a system that demands consensus above all else."

The rest of Europe can't help wondering what the fuss is all about at a time when Swiss accomplishments seem more relevant than ever. Last January Germans were asked what nation they most admired. Forty percent chose Switzerland. Six months earlier, then Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard She-

A History of Neutrality



1300 Celebrated in art, music, literature and folklore, the legendary national hero William Tell may have never existed



1500 Preaching a severe Protestantism, Ulrich Zwingli ushered in the Reformation—and split the country



1798 Napoleon treated Switzerland like a plaything, but the country endured



1991 The purely ceremonial Swiss Guard at the Vatican represents the country's only projection of military power

WORLD NOTES

YUGOSLAVIA

War Between The Serbs

In downtown Belgrade, far from the western battles between Serbs and Croats, two masked assassins leaned out of a car and fired more than 40 bullets. Branislav Matic, second-in-command of the Serbian Guard, a newly formed anti-communist militia, fell dead.

Matic's comrades-in-arms accused the Serbian government of organizing the murder. At the funeral last week, Vuk Draskovic, leader of the Serbian Renewal Movement, the

main opposition party, blamed the republic's ruling Socialist—formerly Communist—Party, headed by President Slobodan Milosevic. The Ministry of Internal Affairs issued a denial and added that uttering such accusations was illegal.

The struggle between communist and anticommunist forces in Serbia has been intensifying for several months. In March, Draskovic's party led mass demonstrations against the Socialists, and two people were killed in clashes with police. In July, the Serbian parliament banned militias formed outside the republican or national armed forces.



■ Civilian casualties: Matic's sister at his funeral in Belgrade

SOUTH AFRICA

Into the Lion's Den

President F.W. de Klerk was pulling no punches. In a speech before his governing National Party in the conservative stronghold of Ventersdorp last

week, he accused right-wing groups like the Afrikaner Resistance Movement (A.w.b.) of "looking for trouble." Even as he spoke, local A.w.b. extremists who oppose his dismantling of apartheid were doing just that. Hundreds, clad in khaki, marched on the hall where he was appearing and clashed with

police in a melee that left at least three dead and 53 injured.

Officers hurled tear gas at the protesters. Amid the smoke, sporadic gunfire rang out for 15 minutes as authorities drove back the advancing A.w.b. members. A block away whites hurled rocks at a van carrying blacks. When the vehicle

lost control and toppled into the crowd, killing one extremist, enraged whites opened fire and at least four blacks were injured. Ironically, De Klerk came to Ventersdorp to seek the support of rural white conservatives, who are rapidly deserting the National Party because of his reforms. ■



Tojo: a new life as a war-ballad warbler

JAPAN

Sing a Sorry Song

On the rare occasions when Japanese discuss World War II, they usually speak of their own victimization by the militarists who led the country into battle and by the Americans who

bombed their cities. Japan's brutal aggression is ignored. But last week, at a ceremony marking the 46th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima, the city's mayor, Takashi Hiraoka, for the first time apologized for the pain Japan caused. Noting that the "horror" began with its 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor, he said, "Japan inflicted great suffering on the peoples of Asia and the Pacific during its reign of colonial domination and war. For this we are truly sorry."

Hidekazu Tojo, 53, eldest grandson of Hideki Tojo, Japan's wartime Prime Minister, who was hanged for his crimes in 1948, is dealing with the war's legacy in a different way: by pursuing a singing career. His first record is a war requiem called *Under the Southern Cross*. "The reaction to Tojo's name has become quieter recently," he said. "Attitudes toward the war are changing now." ■

CAMBODIA

Back in The Picture?

Pol Pot, head of the Khmer Rouge's genocidal regime during the 1970s, has not been seen in public for about 10 years. Last week, however, the *Asian Wall Street Journal* reported that he was lurking in the background when Cambodian peace talks were held in Thailand in June. While negotiations with the Vietnam-backed government of Hun Sen were under way, the ex-dictator reportedly instructed the guerrillas from a secret location nearby. He is said to have acceded to government demands to designate Phnom Penh as the seat of the four-party Supreme National Council, consisting of the Khmer Rouge, the Hun Sen faction and two non-communist groups.

Only a few months ago, Pol Pot's presence

anywhere near such a conference might have set back the peace process by provoking objections from Hun Sen, whose government has condemned him and seven others to death. The subdued reaction to the news seemed to confirm that with warming relations between Vietnam and China, there is real momentum in the drive to settle the 12-year-old conflict. ■



Pol Pot in 1978; recently in Thailand



BOULEVARD PHOTOGRAPHY

Business

SPORTING GOODS

Rock And Roll

Propelled by the mountain-bike craze and hassle-free models, cycling zips to new popularity

By JANICE CASTRO

Every industrial revolution starts with a great notion. In the Smithsonian Institution, resting only a short stroll away from Charles Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, is a newer icon of American ingenuity: Stumpjumper, the first mountain bike. A crossbreed of rugged utility and European racing technology, the Stumpjumper scurried where 10-speeds would have crumpled: down mountain slopes, across fields and over city curbs. The chunky two-wheeler, manufactured by Californian Michael Sinyard in 1981, has helped transform the U.S. bicycle industry from a sleepy business to a \$3.5 billion family-sport industry as millions of Americans mount up. Sinyard's goal: "Du-

Where the 10-speeds dare not go: a cyclist navigates a swift stream in British Columbia



\$120: Huffy's Sonic 6 boys' model

rabidity and comfort, a bike that is easy to ride."

Idiot proof and practically maintenance free, the tough cycles are the transportation equivalent of the first oversize Prince tennis racket introduced in the 1970s. Both represent high-tech sports magic in accessible form, an Everyman's ticket to an activity usually ruled by youth and muscle. Behind the growing bike boom in America are all those adventurous teenagers reawakening in millions of overtaxed grownups. Frustrated with sore knees, joggers are turning to biking. Desk jockeys once intimidated by drop-handle 10-speeds can now handle as many as 21 gears on a bike that looks more like something the paper boy would ride. And they can even take to the streets in outfits like those of three-time Tour de France winner Greg LeMond.

Mountain bikes, also known as all-terrain bikes (ATBs), borrow sophisticated metal alloys, titanium lugs, carbon-fiber tubing and other materials from the aerospace industry for lightweight strength. Average weight: 28 lbs., vs. 20 lbs. for a far more fragile touring bike. Perhaps most important, ATBs feature flat handlebars for upright seating and thick tires that take to sand and gravel as easily as to pavement. While these features have practical appeal for rough-riding wilderness cyclists, the changes also take the hassle out of bike riding for ordinary pedal pushers who never stray more than a mile or two from the nearest McDonald's.

More than 93 million Americans of all ages now ride bicycles (up from 72 million in 1983). Some 25 million ride at least once a week. Americans buy more bicycles (10.8 million in 1990) than cars (9.3 million), and ride them everywhere, from church to mall to office to beach. In spite of generally depressed U.S. consumer spending, bike dealers say sales this summer are running as much as 30% higher than last year.

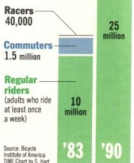
Ten years ago, the lean touring cycles popularly known as 10-speeds accounted for 80% of U.S. sales. But today mountain bikes make up more than half the total and

are gaining ground. Cross-bikes, a fast-growing hybrid of ATB grit and sleeker 10-speed styling, account for an additional 10%. Sales of ATBs and cross-bikes more than doubled during the first three months of this year, compared with 1990. The easy handling of mountain bikes has vastly broadened biking's appeal. Says Net Payne, 21, a Cornell University senior: "Before, bicycling was only for kids and racers. Now it's a family sport. Anyone can do it." Another measure: more than 10% of Americans over 65 are cyclists, according to the National Sporting Goods Association.

Since the Stumpjumper first appeared in shops, Sinyard's Specialized Bicycle Components, based in Morgan Hill, Calif., has grown into a \$100 million enterprise and has helped spawn a frenzy of furiously inventive competitors. Trek, a struggling little 10-employee maker of bicycle frames back when the Stumpjumper appeared, is now a leading ATB manufacturer. Based in Waterloo, Wis., Trek expects to sell 500,000 cycles worth an estimated \$200 million this year, 10 times its 1985 sales.

After the entrepreneurs established the new market for ATBs, industry giants Schwinn and Huffy began mass-producing them. Chicago-based Schwinn, long better known for inexpensive children's cycles, now is making top-of-the-line Paramount mountain bikes priced as high as \$3,000. Ed Schwinn Jr., who heads the firm cofounded by his family in 1895, concedes that the bicycle business is still fundamentally an industry built on the ideas of backyard inventors. Says he: "We look at what the tinkerers are trying to accomplish and adapt the best of that."

In 1990, 93 million Americans used their bikes, up from 72 million in '83. The number who ride bikes regularly has grown even more dramatically.



The dramatic changes in styling and materials have powered American bicycle designers to the head of a global business long dominated by the Italian masters. Says Marco Rocca, owner of a bicycle-importing firm in Turin: "There is an invasion of imported mountain bikes!" French manufacturers sold more than 1 million *vélo tout terrain* bikes last year, up from 1,000 in 1984. Such Japanese firms as Bridgestone and Fuji are ATB top sellers in the U.S. But back home, many Japanese consumers prefer American bikes from Diamond Back, Specialized, GT, Schwinn, Trek and Cannondale. They are also snapping up stylish U.S.-made cycling clothes from Nike, Hinc and other firms.

While the companies to beat are American, most of their cycles are made in Taiwan and other low-cost overseas manufacturing centers. Just last week Schwinn announced that it is closing its last major U.S. factory, in Greenville, Miss., and shifting production to China and Taiwan. One of the world's largest bicycle-manufacturing centers, Taiwan last year exported 6.4 million bikes worth \$740 million. Giant Bicycles of Taiwan (employees: more than 1,000), a longtime Schwinn supplier, is marketing its own brands in the U.S. and Europe.

Anyone who still remembers bike shops as dark, cluttered places smelling of oil and rubber would be startled to walk into a modern American bike outlet. Spotless and often carpeted, crawling with salespeople and outfitted with dressing rooms, specialty bike shops rely on high-margin clothing and cycling gizmos for up to 25% of their revenues. The glamour of biking now draws neophytes who browse through racks of hip-bugging shorts and



\$1,000: Trek's 2300 Composite road-racing bike



\$1,100: the Paramount Series 90 mountain bike from Schwinn

brightly colored shirts even before they know the difference between a derailleur and a train accident.

An average bike today costs \$300 or more, but a superior mountain bike starts at \$1,000. What's the difference between the two? "Ten minutes," says a store manager in Manhattan, explaining that it takes him 35 minutes instead of 45 to cover his 12-mile commute on his new high-priced cycle. Reason: lighter weight, superior components and a more rigid frame that absorbs less of the cyclist's energy. Most owners of the top models, however, are more concerned with quality and status than winning the racing edge.

As doctors, lawyers and bureaucrats pull on the skintight colors (now available in extra-large sizes) and don crash helmets, they also deck out their cycles with an ever growing array of mileage computers, ergonomically correct seats, gel-filled grips, rearview mirrors and other color-coordinated gadgetry. One hot new gizmo is a cyclist's heart monitor that transmits a continuous pulse readout to a special wristwatch.

Amid all this glittering change, some still yearn for grand old bikes with big fenders and coaster brakes. In Manhattan earlier this summer, an elegantly dressed woman strolled into a bike shop and bought a \$1,500 replica of a green-and-white '50s-era Schwinn Columbia to hang over her living room couch as art.

Some enthusiasts want a bike to suit every occasion. While one is fine for long solo rides, another might be more appropriate for family outings. Even Michael Sinyard, a regular racer in his spare time, often spends the afternoon on a Specialized Deja Two tandem with his seven-year-old daughter. Says he: "She loves it. She says, 'Dad! This is a great bike! My legs never get tired!'" Other parents tout their youngsters in the \$300 Cannondale Bugger, a polyethylene shell that allows the whimsical child to sit facing backward, watching the landscape spin away.

The inventions and gizmos keep coming, and the competition is constantly taking notes. Some companies offer an automatic transmission, a motorcycle-style gearshift system built into the handgrips. Several firms are preparing variations on Cannondale's new suspension system. Borrowed from motorcycle design, the technology guarantees aging cyclists a smoother ride. Last year Specialized introduced Air Lock, a self-sealing tire that eliminates fear of flats. Still trying to grow fast enough to stay ahead of the big boys, pioneer Sinyard drives his troops with the company slogan "Innovate or Die!" That's a fitting sentiment in an industry whose forebears included Wilbur and Orville Wright.

—With reporting by

Kumiko Makihara/Tokyo and William McWhirter/Detroit

THE ECONOMY

Are We in for a Double Dip?

The recovery has only just begun, but some forecasters fear another recession may lurk around the corner

Sometimes the economy seems to fall prey to the quick hands of a magician. Now you see a recovery. Now you don't! Barely a month after economists proclaimed the end of the 1990-91 U.S. recession, some are beginning to wonder whether they will have to eat their words. Their doubts come on the heels of some disturbing evidence—rising layoffs, a traumatized banking system and crippling debts—that the economy may be in worse shape than anyone suspected. The pessimists believe the recovery could soon sputter out and

recovery. New signs of weakness emerged last week when the Federal Reserve Board's "beige book," a document summarizing economic conditions around the country, reported that the recovery "has lost some momentum" since last spring. To supply more fuel, the Fed last week dropped the influential Federal Funds rate from 5½% to 5%, its lowest level in more than a decade.

A small but anxious group of economists, however, believes the latest Fed tactic is too little, too late. They say the economy is now structurally damaged and incapable of bouncing back anytime soon.

Hanging ominously over every sector—individuals, business

and government—is a crippling pile of debt that amounts to \$10 trillion, double the size of the entire U.S. economy. Consumers, far and away the most powerful stimuli in the economy, seem determined to slash spending and pay off loans. The government said last week that consumer installment debt fell 3% in June, the sixth drop

in seven months.

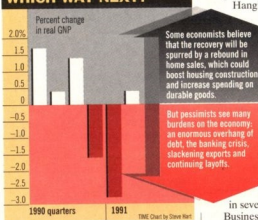
Businesses are under great stress as well. Regulators have cracked down on banks, prompting them to cut back drastically on their lending. Companies drowning in debt are slashing capital investment and firing employees. Nearly 1 million workers have been laid off so far this year. Even the government, usually a reliable spender of last resort in a recession, will be absent this time because of record deficits at every level—local, state and federal.

Lacking any other solutions, most economists look to the Fed and its newly reappointed chairman, Alan Greenspan, for the next move. "I consider the tight monetary policy pursued so far by the Fed as blatantly irresponsible," says Philip Braverman, chief economist of DKB Securities. "Inflation is not the enemy any more. The real enemy is recession." So far this year, wholesale prices have fallen at a 1.7% annual rate, a trend that will give critics of the Fed more leverage in arguing for interest rates even lower than Greenspan has already pushed them. And as the 1992 elections approach, the political clamor for easier credit may grow deafening.

—By Bernard Baumohl.

With reporting by Jerome Cramer/Washington

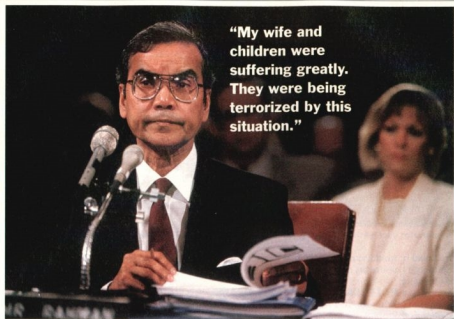
WHICH WAY NEXT?



turn into another recession, the second half of a so-called double dip. That happened in five of the past eight recessions, as the economy recovered for one or two quarters before suffering a relapse.

For the moment, most forecasters see enough life in the economy to keep it out of new trouble. The sale of single-family homes increased to an annual rate of 525,000 units in June, up 27% from January's low. The surge in home buying may boost new construction and stimulate sales of such durable goods as furniture and kitchen appliances. Business inventories have been trimmed down, so any increase in demand could rev up new factory production. "A double-dip recession can't be ruled out, but it's not a high risk," says Gordon Richards, an economist with the National Association of Manufacturers.

Yet this recovery is unlike most others. In a survey, 51 top economists predicted that in 1991 the economy would grow at a 2.7% rate in the July-September quarter, less than half the speed of the average postwar



"My wife and children were suffering greatly. They were being terrorized by this situation."

Rahman spells out a chilling tale of intimidation, dubious loans and an elaborate cover-up of losses

CORRUPTION

The Brave Ones Begin to Sing

As fresh charges are leveled in the B.C.C.I. scandal, an ex-official tells of shady practices and death threats

By JOHN GREENWALD

The slender former executive of the Bank of Credit & Commerce International clearly feared for his life. Speaking before a Senate subcommittee last week, Masihur Rahman told how a fellow B.C.C.I. official had threatened to shoot him if he exposed the rampant fraud and corruption at the heart of the bank. According to Rahman, the colleague warned him, "I've personally killed people in my life, and I'd use the same gun on you."

Undaunted, Rahman sent his American wife Ellen and their two children to the U.S. for safety. "My wife and children were suffering greatly. They were being terrorized by this situation," he testified. Rahman then fled London just days before he testified. As his wife sat behind him, the former chief financial officer declared last week that B.C.C.I. had been essentially broke since 1985. He went on to accuse the accounting firm Price Waterhouse of tolerating phony bookkeeping that made the bank look solvent—a charge the auditor denies. Among the losses covered up were hundreds of millions of dollars in dubious loans in 1985-86 to the Gokal family of Pakistan, which owned a shipping company.

"It was kept an incredible secret; not more than four or five people knew what had happened," Rahman said.

Rahman's charges were far from the only ones leveled last week against B.C.C.I., which was shut down in July in most of the 69 countries where it operated. From Abu Dhabi to Zimbabwe, the repercussions of the bank scandal gathered force amid a new surge of allegations, investigations and financial distress. The depth and breadth of the mess prompted fresh questions about what government regulators should have done to prevent B.C.C.I. from growing into the largest corporate criminal enterprise in history. The major developments:

NUKES FOR PAKISTAN? Even as it served as a cash conduit for terrorists, money launderers and gunrunners, B.C.C.I. may have financed the illicit development of nuclear weapons programs. The U.S. last week pressed efforts to extradite Inam ul-Haq, a retired Pakistani brigadier, on charges that he masterminded an abortive 1987 plot to smuggle to Pakistan an American specialty steel used to enrich weapons-grade uranium. B.C.C.I. reportedly provided credit for the deal. But Pakistan,

home of B.C.C.I. founder Agha Hasan Abedi, denied—as it has in the past—that it seeks to develop nuclear arms, and said the government had no connection with Inam, who was arrested by German authorities in Frankfurt last month on an international warrant put out by the U.S.

FINANCIAL FALLOUT. Already burned once by the B.C.C.I. shutdown, panicky crowds in Hong Kong rushed to withdraw their cash last week from local Citibank branches. The two-day run was triggered by unfounded reports that Citibank was insolvent. Last month Hong Kong's overdue seizure of the local subsidiary of B.C.C.I. froze \$1.4 billion in accounts held by 40,000 hapless depositors. The colony's residents were still so shaken by the shutdown that on Friday they staged a second run, on the British-based Stan-

dard Chartered Bank after rumors that it had lost either its banking license or its stock-exchange listing.

Hong Kong's nervous depositors were hardly alone. The shutdown also froze some \$400 million of deposits belonging to Beijing-controlled companies, giving China a bitter taste of the risks of capitalism. In Egypt the government fired the board of the country's B.C.C.I. affiliate and sought to recover \$400 million in frozen assets. In Nigeria officials said they would provide \$16 million to cover now worthless letters of credit from B.C.C.I. The shutdown even torpedoed shipping around the world. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that \$85 million worth of freight sat stranded on some 1,000 ships because the purchasers could not use credit that B.C.C.I. had provided.

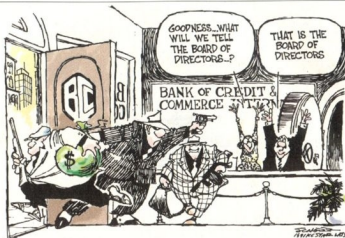
PROBES APLENTY. Just five days before he formally announced his resignation in order to run for the Senate, Attorney General Dick Thornburgh declared that the Justice Department will issue "far-reaching indictments" within "the next month or six weeks." Stung by charges that Justice was moving too slowly against B.C.C.I., the department seems to be trying to catch up to the fraud, bribery and grand-larceny allegations brought by a New York State grand jury in late July. But some disgruntled law-enforcement sources told *TIME* that major federal indictments were unlikely anytime soon because Justice probes in Washington and other cities were still months—if not years—from completion.

Nonetheless, the department clearly felt pressured to prove it has not been napping. Justice took a step in that direction last week when a federal grand jury in Mi-

ami indicted Munther Bilbeisi, a Jordanian coffee dealer who banked at B.C.C.I., on charges that he smuggled Guatemalan coffee into the U.S. to avoid income taxes on profits from the sale of the beans.

In Peru the Senate began looking into charges that former President Alan García Pérez looted government funds by siphoning them through B.C.C.I. accounts in Panama. Returning from a month-long vacation in Europe, García hotly denied the accusations. At the same time, officials in Chile and Argentina scrutinized the financial affairs of Ghaith Pharaon, a Saudi tycoon and B.C.C.I. front man who is building Hyatt hotels in both countries.

Even as those probes got under way, investigators in Colombia and Luxembourg examined dealings between José Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha, a leader of the Medellín cocaine cartel who died in a 1989 shootout with police, and a Colombian shadow bank that B.C.C.I. used to launder drug money. Among other things, the probes want to know why Colombian prosecutors slapped B.C.C.I. with a token \$10,000 fine after discovering that the shadow bank took in a whopping \$45 million in foreign currency in just six months in 1986—six times the amount B.C.C.I.'s Colombia branch reported for the entire year. The branch split apart from B.C.C.I. last week when it was acquired by Isaac Gilinsky, a Colombian food and textile magnate who said he



would reorganize the branch and reopen it under the name Banco Andino.

POLITICAL SHAME AND BLAME.

With so many accusations being tossed around, politicians sought to distance themselves from the scandal and hold rival parties to account. Senator Orrin Hatch, a Utah Republican, issued an obviously partisan report that tried to deflect blame for the B.C.C.I. mess from the Bush and Reagan Administrations. Hatch said financier David Paul and the ubiquitous Pharaon had assiduously cultivated major figures in the Democratic Party. Paul, a big political contributor, ran CenTrust Savings, which collapsed in Miami last year at a cost to taxpayers of as much as \$2 billion. Among the Democrats he courted: Joseph Biden of Delaware and John Kerry of Massachusetts, the chairman of the B.C.C.I. hearing last week. Both met with Paul in 1989 at a

time when he was negotiating with federal regulators over terms of an agreement to recapitalize the founding S&L.

Paul succeeded in keeping CenTrust afloat, thanks partly to funds from Pharaon, who allegedly acted on behalf of B.C.C.I. While Hatch stopped short of charging the Democrats with wrongdoing, the report hinted that Paul may have used his Democratic connections to help keep CenTrust in business. Ironically, Hatch had strongly endorsed a 1990 plea bargain in Tampa that allowed B.C.C.I. to forfeit \$15 million in profits to settle money-laundering charges. Hatch went so far as to praise B.C.C.I. for its cooperation.

In another maneuver, Democratic Representative Edward Markey of Massachusetts said he would return a \$1,000 campaign contribution from Robert Altman, president of Washington's First American Bankshares, which B.C.C.I. secretly acquired in the early 1980s. Altman and former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, chairman of First American, have denied knowing B.C.C.I. had taken control of their bank. Clifford and Altman gave donations last year to several other legislators, usually in \$1,000 amounts, but so far they have seen fit to keep the money. As the scandal deepens, however, any connection with B.C.C.I. money could become hazardous to one's political health. —Reported by S.C. Gwynne/Washington with other bureaus

Standard Procedure?

Could the West's condemnation of B.C.C.I. as a criminal bank be attributed at least in part to a profound clash of cultures? That is precisely the case, say experts familiar with banking in the Middle East and Asia. They insist that many B.C.C.I. practices that the U.S. and the rest of the developed world call reprehensible are merely traditional operating procedure in the eyes of Muslims.

Even cases of apparent fraud can fall into a gray area. Among the most serious charges Western countries have leveled at B.C.C.I. are accusations that it fraudulently concealed huge off-the-books loans to wealthy Middle East investors. But sources in the Persian Gulf note that Arab bankers have traditionally made large loans to the region's royal families and wealthy merchants without demanding the documentation Westerners would require.

The Arabs often see no need for such records, financial experts say, because they trust leaders such as Sheikh Zayed bin Sultan al-Nahyan, the ruler of Abu Dhabi who controls 77% of B.C.C.I., to stand behind their debts and those of their subjects. And they see no need to keep records for the

taxman, since the six Arab states in the gulf collect no taxes.

Islamic bankers see a touch of hypocrisy in the West's condemnation of B.C.C.I. bookkeeping. They point out that British banks routinely did business with prominent Arabs without documentation after British lenders flocked to the Middle East in the 1950s and '60s. The region's experts also see little wrong in using front men to hide the real movers and shakers behind financial transactions. That could help explain why Middle Eastern investors allowed B.C.C.I. to use them as nominal owners—or nominees—when the bank secretly acquired control of Washington's First American Bankshares. Royal family members often use fronts to conceal the fact that they are donning the hats of businessmen.

Even Arab experts consider that many of the financial practices of B.C.C.I., including its attempts to cover up its losses, may have been beyond the pale. But they view such legerdemain as a crude attempt to comply with Western regulators' demands for acceptable profit and loss statements. U.S. and British authorities would naturally scoff at that explanation. They contend that B.C.C.I. flourished as a criminal enterprise largely because it was carefully constructed to take advantage of such tax havens as Luxembourg and the Cayman Islands, which provide virtually no regulation. ■

BUSINESS NOTES

ADVERTISING

Fly Me To the Moon

Did someone say Air Jordan? Better make that multimillionaire Jordan. The high-flying hoopster for the Chicago Bulls not only makes a nice living playing basketball but, according to the *Sports Marketing Letter*, Michael Jordan is also the top product plugger in the U.S., earning \$11 million a year for hyping everything from Chevys to lottery tickets. Last week Jordan began his biggest gig yet: endorsing Gatorade, the "sports drink," for a reported \$18 million over 10 years. ■



Jordan: millions in net profits



Stage hit *The Phantom of the Opera* is just the ticket for a recording giant

ENTERTAINMENT

Poly Wants A Lloyd Webber

Really Useful Holdings has certainly proved useful to tunesmith Andrew Lloyd Webber. Last week he sold a 30% inter-

est in his company to European record giant PolyGram for more than \$130 million. The London-based creator of *Cats*, *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Starlight Express* and other theatrical sensations has been criticized for shallowness, but no one questions Lloyd Webber's

status as a cash machine. For PolyGram, the investment in Really Useful is the latest step in an aggressive and costly drive to buy up independent entertainment companies, following the acquisition of A&M and Island Records. While the deal will give PolyGram a role in musical theater, some skeptics suggest that PolyGram paid a steep price for

Really Useful, since the return on the investment depends on the West End wunderkind's future output. As for Lloyd Webber, the PolyGram millions will allow him to expand into film and TV, while settling most of the debt his company incurred when it went private in 1990. ■

PENSIONS

The \$1 Million Apology

His monthly pension is only \$43.33, and every penny of it matters to Paul Hudspeth, a North Carolina textile worker who retired in 1975 from Cannon Mills. But last April, California regulators seized the ailing Executive Life Insurance Co., slashing payments to Hudspeth and 8,800 other Cannon retirees 30%. Last week former Cannon owner David Murdock came to the rescue, promising he would make good on their losses with \$800,000 of his own money, until Executive Life is shored up. Yet many blame Murdock for the mess. When he sold Cannon in 1985, Murdock replaced its pension plan with a group annuity contract from Executive Life—reaping \$35 million in the process. ■



A West Point-Pepperell plant: owner Farley is throwing in the towel

FINANCE

The Fall Of Farley

A go-go era fairy tale is heading for a no-no era denouement. In 1976 ex-encyclopedia salesman William Farley bought a California citrus processor with just \$25,000 of his own money. Within years, he ruled over a multibillion-dollar empire.

Then came Farley's folly: the 1989 leveraged buyout of sheet-and-towel giant West Point-Pepperell, for \$1.6 billion. Burdened by debt, he endured the junk-bond collapse, the recession and the gulf war. But last week Farley accepted a "pre-packaged" bankruptcy plan that will slash his share of West Point-Pepperell from 95% to 5%, the biggest blow yet to Farley's fraying kingdom. ■

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT

A Megabank Lends a Hand

Angry small-business owners in Texas who don't get loans from NCNB, the giant Southern bank, sometimes say the initials

stand for "No Cash for No Body." The gripes grew even louder last month, when NCNB and C&S/Sovran said they would merge to form the third largest U.S. bank. Critics predicted short shrift for the poor and struggling. But last week the new giant, NationsBank,

promised to lend \$10 billion during the next decade in a community-development program that will encompass nine states. Goals include the financing of affordable housing and consumer loans for workers "left on the sidelines of economic progress." ■

Environment

Will We Run Low On Food?

As the diversity of crops declines and the world's population explodes, grain supplies become more vulnerable

By EUGENE LINDEN



Bent Skovmand is not exactly a household name, but he has more to do with the welfare of the earth's 5 billion people than many heads of state. As a plant breeder at CIMMYT, the internationally funded agricultural research station in El Batán, Mexico, he spends his days in silent battle with threats to the world's wheat crop. Recently Skovmand discovered a rare strain of wheat from eastern Turkey that is resistant to the Russian aphid, an invader that has so far cost American farmers \$300 million. By using the Turkish strain to develop hearty new hybrid wheats, CIMMYT breeders may help growers outwit the aphid.

Unfortunately the strains of crops that seem to have almost magical qualities are becoming ever harder to find. As farmers go for the highest possible yields these days, they all want to use the same kind of seeds. Individual crops share more genetic material, and local varieties are vanishing. Moreover, as the explosive growth of the world's population causes more farmers to turn more forest land into fields, wild species of plants are getting wiped out. Potentially valuable food sources are lost—forever—before they are even discovered. The world is losing a marvelous diversity of genetic material that has enabled the plant kingdom to overcome pests, blights and droughts throughout the ages.

Plant breeders have used this genetic diversity to help fuel the green revolution and keep agricultural production ahead of population growth. But as the raw material of the revolution disappears, the food supply becomes more vulnerable to catastrophe. Skovmand, for one, is not optimistic about the prospects for the coming decade. "The world has become complacent about

MANY CROPS ARE DISAPPEARING...



Ecuadorian farmers still grow tree tomatoes



A sampling of rare corn varieties



Local crops in a Sri Lankan market

food," he says. "In the 1970s the surprise was that India could feed itself. In the coming years the surprise may be that India can no longer feed itself."

Ever since Thomas Malthus' 1798 *Essay on the Principle of Population* proposed that human fertility would outstrip the ability to produce enough food, human ingenuity has consistently belied such predictions. Books such as Paul Ehrlich's *The Population Bomb* in 1968 and the Club of Rome's 1972 study *The Limits to Growth* raised fears that unchecked population growth might lead to mass starvation. Later in the '70s, Lester Brown of Washington's Worldwatch Institute argued that the world's farmers were already pushing the practical limits of what good land, high-yield crops, irrigation and artificial fertilizers and pesticides could deliver.

The Malthusians, however, have consistently underestimated how much the technological wonders of the green revolu-

tion—along with the ability of farmers to make good money growing crops—can spur food production. Ehrlich and Brown have long predicted that food prices would rise as agricultural production fell short of demand, and they have been wrong. India, where 1.5 million people died in a 1943 famine, became a grain exporter by 1977, even as it doubled its population. Farmers planting short, seed-laden wheats developed by Nobel laureate Norman Borlaug at CIMMYT had to post guards to protect the riches in their fields.

Beginning in the mid-'80s, however, the momentum of the green revolution slowed dramatically, especially in parts of India, China and Pakistan. In India's Punjab state, yields of rice and wheat have begun to flatten despite increasing reliance on fertilizers and better use of water. Elsewhere in Asia, rice researchers have failed to raise yields significantly for more than two decades. Hidden costs of the green

revolution have begun to surface all around the world: the amount of irrigated land, which produces 35% of the food supply, has been declining in per capita terms. One reason is that fields become poisoned with salts left behind when irrigation water evaporates. Looming in the future are the unknown agricultural impacts of global changes such as ozone depletion in the upper atmosphere and the greenhouse effect.

The short term is not too rosy either. The U.S. corn and soybean crops are currently suffering from a severe drought in the Midwest. And, for a variety of reasons, poor harvests are predicted this year in China, India and the Soviet Union.

The combination of both immediate and long-range threats to the food supply has brought back the old alarming questions: How much longer can the world deliver adequate food to human numbers relentlessly expanding at the rate of 91 million a year? Is it possible that the Casandras will soon be right?

Many agricultural experts are taking doomsayers more seriously. A new cause of concern is the steady loss of genetic diversity, which has made the food supply less stable and reliable than in the past. With farmers growing similar crops in similar ways, diseases and droughts have more impact than they would if planters grew a diverse array of crops. Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee is convinced that the

decline of diversity is one of the greatest threats facing world agriculture. "We may see a significant number of crops become functionally extinct," he says, "enjoying bumper crops until one day the hammer falls in the form of a blight they cannot handle."

According to economist Peter Hazell, who conducted a study of crop volatility for the International Food Policy Research Institute, the likelihood of major food shortfalls has doubled during the past four decades. India, for instance, relies heavily on one type of fast-growing wheat, called sonalika, that is susceptible to several diseases. One epidemic in this crop could wipe out India's entire grain surplus.

Plant breeders can provide India with wheat strains resistant to the pests that threaten sonalika, but, says Michael Strauss of the National Academy of Sciences, "this is not a battle you win just once." Disease germs and insects continually evolve, developing resistance to pesticides and seeking out vulnerabilities that enable them to penetrate crop defenses.

A mix of strains minimizes this damage. But more and more of the world's basic crops now share genetic material. Most high-yielding wheats and rice derive their short, sturdy stature from just a few ancestors. While these genes may be tough, the genes transferred with them may contain a hidden vulnerability that could allow pests

to lay waste to huge areas. Observes plant breeder Garrison Wilkes of the University of Massachusetts at Boston: "Imagine what a burglar could do if he got past the front door of a building and found that all the apartments shared the same key."

One promising solution to this problem is for breeders to draw genetic material from a wide variety of sources so that bugs and blights are forced to breach many types of defenses. The new tools of biotechnology allow scientists to identify particular genes and thus predict which strains will exhibit such desirable characteristics as disease resistance or drought tolerance. Crossing many varieties can then create the best possible mix of traits. Entomologist John Mihn and CIMMYT geneticist David Jewell are combating a corn borer that costs tropical farmers as much as 50% of their crop. The two scientists hope one day to create hybrid corn with resistance from a maize local to Antigua as well as the phenomenal defenses of *Tripsacum*, a wild grass that is related to corn.

Although plant scientists rely on traditional crossbreeding, they are experimenting with actual genetic engineering. Eventually they hope to take individual genes from one strain and put them into the cells of another. Researchers expect to isolate genes from plants that have found ways to cope with ultraviolet radiation, drought, salty soils and other changes future crops

...JUST AS THEY ARE NEEDED TO COUNTER ALARMING THREATS



Different crops and better farming practices can help halt wasteful erosion



Some locally grown ears are resistant to pests like corn borers



Drought has already reduced Midwestern harvest predictions

Environment

may face as a result of mankind's meddling with the earth and atmosphere.

But such techniques will gradually have poorer results if the genetic catalog scientists work with is shrinking. When so many farmers switch to the most popular strains, their wild ancestors and traditional crops that have become adapted to local conditions for centuries (called land races) can easily disappear. Urban development paves over traditional crops and good soil, because cities have usually grown up near the richest land. Calvin Sperling, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's chief plant

No one contends that these seed banks can completely halt the diversity drain. While impressive collections have been built for such major crops as wheat, corn and rice, efforts to accumulate samples of vegetables and lesser-known cereals have been much more spotty. During times of unrest, people have raided and eaten seed collections. The director of a research station in Aleppo, Syria, was so concerned with the threat of war last year that he shipped precious wheat seeds to CIMMYT before allied action began against Iraq.

Another strategy for preserving diversi-

dized bread than to produce the grain themselves. This absurdity is unlikely to change, because a past attempt to hike the price of bread produced riots in Cairo.

Such unrest may become more frequent in the coming years. Donald Winkelmann, CIMMYT's director general, notes that a decade ago, India's farmers could thrive even as wheat prices dropped, because production costs fell faster. Now it is harder to lower costs and, Winkelmann says, "India may not be able to count on cheap food as it has in the past as an element of industrialization." He expects crop prices to rise after

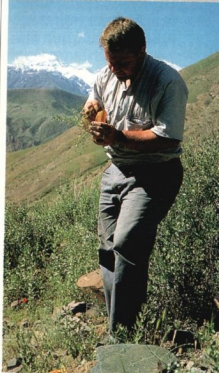
mid-decade, as demand increases faster than supply.

Lester Brown has renewed his earlier predictions that world population is reaching the limit of what the planet's land can support. Per capita food production is already declining, he points out, in Africa and South America. Ethiopia has suffered its tragic famines, Brown contends, partly because the country's population has outstripped the productive capacity of its fields. But World Bank analysts disagree, arguing that Ethiopia's agricultural failures stem more from the policies of the recently ousted Mengistu regime, which paid farmers rock-bottom prices and created no incentive to conserve resources.

Just Faaland, the director general of the International Food Policy Research Institute, maintains that what Brown sees as limits are really only impediments: "It's true that fertilizer yields have stopped growing, that crops are more vulnerable to pests, and it has become more difficult to find arable land and water, but we can move these limits. It is not reasonable to project a logical and necessary catastrophe." Dennis Avery of the Hudson Institute in Indianapolis goes further in his new study *Global Food Progress 1991*. He argues that financial investment, not fertile soil, is now the limiting factor in food production. Idle and underutilized cropland in the U.S. and Argentina alone, he says, could feed an extra 1.4 billion people.

When it comes to predicting food prices and supplies, the optimists so far have a much better track record than the pessimists. But few experts would deny that as the human population grows, threats to the food supply become ever more dangerous. And mankind is losing the weapons to fight those threats, as it allows the irreplaceable diversity of the plant kingdom to disappear. ■

PLANT SLEUTHS HOPE TO SAVE A PRECIOUS HERITAGE



Calvin Sperling collecting a wild Soviet lentil



Carlos Ochoa finds strains in Peru, the potato's home



Africa has scores of potential new food sources

explorer, believes coastal development along the Mediterranean may have already caused the disappearance of many land races of beets. And war almost always takes a toll. One casualty of the recent conflict with Iraq may be the loss of rare breeds of wheat as farmers forced from their fields eat their seeds to survive.

Agriculture's main defense against the loss of diversity has been the establishment of seed banks, which collect and preserve crop strains. International agencies have helped set up a worldwide network of eight banks that hold myriad varieties of seeds for 25 important food crops. These international centers serve as vital backstops for national seed collections, which are sometimes carelessly maintained.

It is to encourage farmers to maintain a variety of traditional crops. But the global movement of people into cities creates tremendous pressures on farmers to grow uniform, easily transportable crops. This situation will only get worse. By 2000 there will be about 400 cities with more than 1 million inhabitants each, containing one-sixth of the world's population.

The rise of megacities in the developing world also thwarts agricultural policies that would stimulate food production in the countryside. Mindful that governments get overthrown by city dwellers and not farmers, many Third World regimes artificially lower crop prices to placate their urban populations. In Egypt, livestock growers find it cheaper to feed their animals subsi-

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Religion

Sins of the Fathers

A Honolulu bishop is accused of sex abuse in a federal lawsuit as Catholic scandals keep spreading

By RICHARD N. OSTLING

Without doubt it is the worst wave of moral scandals ever to beset Roman Catholicism in North America. Dozens upon dozens of priests have been accused of sexually abusing underage boys. Cases have erupted in most U.S. states and two Canadian provinces since the 1985 conviction of Louisiana's Father Gilbert Gauthier, who had molested 35 youths. So widespread are the cases that by one informed

estimate, Catholic institutions have paid \$300 million in settlements—with no end in sight. "We could be sued out of existence," says Notre Dame philosophy professor Ralph McInerney.

Worse than the loss of money are the feeling of betrayal and the erosion of esteem for priests among many parishioners. The potential for such spiritual devastation escalated considerably last week, as a federal civil lawsuit was filed against Honolulu bishop Joseph A. Ferrario, 65, the first member of the U.S. hierarchy to face a sex-abuse suit. A spokesman for the bishop said in response, "These are old allegations, made by the same people. The bishop has denied them every time."

The bishop's accuser is David Figueroa, 32, a cook living in Florida who has tested HIV-positive. He first made charges against Ferrario anonymously in 1989 and went public on Geraldo Rivera's TV show last year. Now he has decided to try to make his charges stick, in detail and under oath. "No amount of money will make up for what he's taken from me," says Figueroa. "He used me. He ruined my life."

Figueroa's sordid account runs as follows. Beginning in kindergarten at St. Anthony's church in Kailua, Hawaii, he was continually molested by the parish priest. When the boy was in his teens, the priest died, but Ferrario, his successor, continued the sex abuse for years, paying Figueroa for odd jobs in return. Ferrario also aided Figueroa in quitting high school just before graduation and joining the gay community in San Francisco. Figueroa alleges that the sexual entanglement continued even after

Ferrario became a bishop, with trysts at church residences in Honolulu and Menlo Park, Calif. Figueroa's lawyers claim other witnesses will corroborate his version of the bishop's conduct.

Last week three Canadian scandals also made news. A judge in Newfoundland sentenced Edward English of the Christian Brothers to 12 years in prison, declaring, "You are a disgrace to the order and to humanity." A separate scandal involves six present and former diocesan priests in

ity and the duplicity among church officials who had harbored and recycled him so many times."

David Clohessy, a St. Louis political consultant who has a lawsuit pending against a priest, asserts, "The sexual abuse was terrible, but I think the response of the hierarchy is almost as bad." He says that when Bishop Michael McAuliffe of Jefferson City, Mo., learned of the case last year, the bishop turned the matter over to his lawyers without confronting the priest. Since then, the priest has been put on administrative leave, pending review.

Higher authorities played a role in the Hawaii case. As early as 1985, Figueroa's mother informed the then Vatican pronuncio, Pio Laghi, of the allegations against Bishop Ferrario. Figueroa contends that Laghi sent an investigator, who did a cursory check while staying in the bishop's residence. Apparently on this basis, the U.S. hierarchy declared the 1989 accusations to "lack substance." Ferrario's spokesman said last week that the Vatican Congregation for Bishops had judged them to be "baseless."

Catholic administrators insist they have responded as well as can be expected to the legal and pastoral tangle confronting them. A common complaint is that the U.S. bishops' conference has not set up a detailed nationwide policy and action plan. But Mark Chopko, the chief lawyer on the bishops' staff, says treatment of priests' problems is the business of each

diocese. As a result, some bishops have handled the cases well, while others have not.

Legal strategies aside, what should the church do? University of New Mexico psychiatry professor Jay R. Feierman, who has treated 500 abusive priests over 15 years, concludes that the priesthood inevitably attracts a certain number of potential molesters because of the celibacy rule. He thinks one preventive measure would be to require priests to live in religious communities where there are personal warmth and mutual support. Psychologist Eugene Kennedy of Chicago's Loyola University says that the large number of priests suffering from sexual conflicts "constitutes a pastoral problem of the first magnitude" but that bishops by and large have refused to investigate the issue seriously. As the lawsuits and ruined lives keep piling up, such lethargy will no longer do.

—Reported by Barbara Dolan/
Chicago with other bureaus



The accused bishop, Joseph Ferrario, after celebrating Mass at his cathedral in Honolulu; above, accuser David Figueroa at his home in Florida

Newfoundland. Also last week, a trial was ordered in the first of the abuse cases involving 19 Christian Brothers at a school in Alfred, Ont.

One attorney in the Hawaii suit, Jeffrey R. Anderson of St. Paul, has become a specialist in civil damage suits involving alleged priestly sex abuse and is pursuing more than 100 cases at present. Last December he won the biggest award to date, \$3.5 million (reduced to \$1.04 million on appeal) in the case of Father Thomas Adamson. Allegations against Adamson spanned 22 years, but two Catholic dioceses kept shuttling him into new assignments.

Such developments have thrown a harsh spotlight on the performance of Catholic leadership. Says Jason Berry, the freelance journalist who broke the Louisiana story and is completing a book on the outbreak of clerical scandals: "The real shock was not that a priest could be capable of molesting children but the mendac-

The Child Is Father Of the Man

How **ROBERT BLY** transformed his struggle with an alcoholic dad into a strange, mythicized phenomenon of celebrity and mass therapy

By **LANCE MORROW**

Failure is the toughest American wilderness. Robert Bly, who is now a leader of the men's movement and author of *Iron John*, spent some years in the territory. His wilderness lies three hours west of Minneapolis, out toward the South Dakota border, in flat farm country around Madison (pop. 2,000), Minn., "the Lutealisk Capital of the World."

Bly was the high school valedictorian who went to hell, who might have amounted to something as a farmer but instead lived on a spread his father gave him. He raised four children but otherwise, in Madison's eyes, produced nothing except obscure poetry for 25 years. He drove old cars and wore old clothes, and when Vietnam came around, he talked like a communist. His father, Jacob Bly, was a respected farmer who turned alcoholic. Robert had to fetch him out of the bars downtown sometimes.

A double humiliation: his father's alcoholism, his own failure. Why did Bly stay on all those years, during the prime of his life, on the nonworking farm half a mile from his father's boozing? "The alcoholic parent is not satisfied with his own childhood," Bly says, using the bruised rhetoric of recovery. "He wants yours too." When the father vanishes into alcohol, the son lingers and lingers, searching for a lost part of himself.

The old man, Jacob Bly, was living on a diet of Hamm's beer and doughnuts in the last days: the breakfast of champions. Robert confronted him about the drinking one day, and his father said, "Go to hell!" Robert had been meaning to bring up that subject for years, and he felt much better after he did.

Tolstoy was wrong when he said all happy families are the same, and all unhappy families are unhappy in different ways. It is surely the other way around. Family misery has a sameness, a sort of buried universality: "I come from a dysfunctional family," people always say when they start their 12-step testimonies, and then they all launch into the same story, though with a thousand different shadings and details.

It is Bly's story, to some extent, with the difference that whatever Madison may have once thought, Bly is a gifted poet, critic and showman who has transformed his long struggle into a strange, mythicized American phenomenon

of celebrity and mass therapy. Bly is the bardic voice of that interesting but vaguely embarrassing business, the men's movement, which strikes many men as somehow unmanly. Well, says Bly, that shame is something they will have to get over.

Bly's book *Iron John* has been 38 weeks on the best-seller list; he addresses men's gatherings around the country, speaking a fairy-tale code about "bringing the interior warriors back to life" and "riding the Red, the White and the Black Horses." He talks about each male's lost "Wild Man," that hairy masculine authenticity that began getting ruined during the Industrial Revolution, when fathers left their sons and went to work in the factories. The communion between father and son vanished, the traditional connection, lore passing from father to son. And with it went the masculine identity, the meaning and energy of a man's life, which should be an adventure, an allegory, a quest. Bly, with some validating help on television from Bill Moyers, has brought the masculine psyche onto the stage of Oprah-consciousness. There it is either enjoying its 15 minutes of fame or re-making Americans' understanding of men, and therefore of men and women and of life itself.

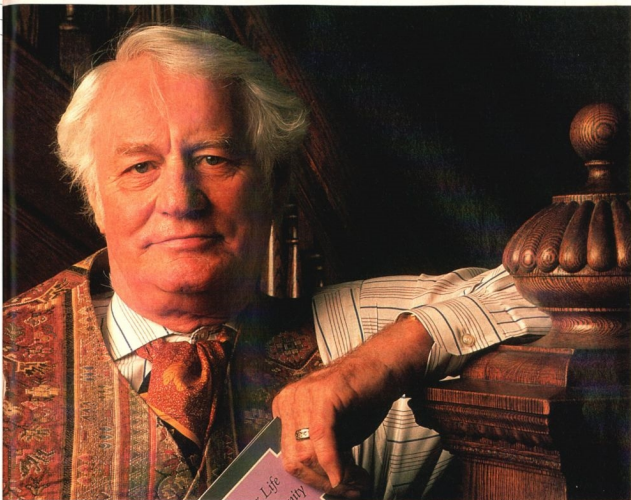
"You cannot become a man until your own father dies," Bly says. Bly's father died three years ago at the age of 87 in a Minnesota nursing home. Bly is 64, so by his own reckoning, he did not become a man until he was 61. He was a long time working on it.

A man's goal in his quest is a kingliness, a regal self-possession. Bly looks kingly enough at moments as he sits in his new Minneapolis house—a handsome, substantial Midwestern paterfamilias place that he has just acquired. He divides his time among this house, another on Minnesota's Moose Lake and stops on his lecture tours. The Minneapolis house feels cleansed of ghosts and even gentrified. A poet named Louis Jenkins (author of a splendid collection called *All Tangled Up with the Living* and other books) is doing some work around the place for Bly and emerges from the basement from time to time as if he had been down there rewiring the house's unconscious. Bly sautés scallops for his solitary lunch, which he takes at the kitchen table in the company of a new biography of Goethe and Robert Fagles' translation of *The Iliad*.

Bly is too much a showman (with a touch of the mountebank) to stay in the king's role for very long. I have a theory that children of alcoholics make brilliant mimics, because reality and identity for them are unstable, subject to sudden disappearances and weird transformations. They are constantly auditioning nuanced identities in hopes of pleasing insanely unpredictable parents. At the kitchen table now, Bly becomes his spiritual and poetic mentor, William Butler Yeats, going trance and reciting *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* in a high Irish singsong, tone-deaf Yeats sliding up and down at the end of the line searching for the note.

For many years, Bly supported his family by giving poetry readings. His voice is a highly developed instrument that he uses to take many different parts: monsters, little boys, savages, princesses and even his mother years ago whining at his father, "Why do you always have to behave like this?" which, of course, gave old man Bly the signal he needed to head off in an explosion of dudgeon for the bar.

Bly says it was around 10 years ago that he began working on the *Iron John* story. "I had been giving seminars in fairy tales to support myself—mostly to women. I realized that I



had no fairy stories to teach men. In Grimm, only a few are about men. *Iron John* was the first I found that was clearly about the growth stages of men."

The book is an explication of the tale of a boy who frees a Wild Man, Iron John, whom the boy's father, the king, has locked in a cage. Iron John takes the boy into the forest and step by step teaches him the secrets of being a man. In the fullness of maturity, he becomes a man and marries his princess. Bly tires of repeating that the men's movement is not against women. Nor does the Wild Man imply savagery, brutality, aggression, obtuseness, smashing beer cans against the forehead or shooting small animals for the pleasure of watching them die.

In fact, by Bly's calculation, there are at least seven different men's movements: 1) a sort of right-wing men's movement that is, in fact, frequently antifeminist; 2) feminist men; 3) men's rights advocates who think, for example, men get a raw deal in divorce; 4) the Marxist men's movement; 5) the gay men's movement; 6) the black men's movement, extremely important in Bly's view because of the devastation to black males in American society; and 7) men in search of spiritual growth, the Bly wing of the idea, dealing with mentors and "mythopoeics." The mythopoeic characters, Bly points out, are dividing into two groups: those concentrating on recovery and those, like Bly, who are interested in

men's psyches as explored by art, mythology and poetry.

"The recovery tone can trap you into being a child," says Bly. "The myth honors your suffering: it gives images of an adult manhood that you will not meet in your community. It takes you out of your victimhood."

Bly's ice-blue Norwegian eyes and white hair give him a theatrical air. His complexion sometimes radiates up to an alarming red, and he puffs a little after marching up the stairs. A large cast of characters of many ages flickers around his eyes and face. He strikes one as a struggling man, something like a difficult older brother. As he says, "The shifts take place with incredible speed. When I sit down at the table with my wife, do I speak to her as a self-pitying little boy or a victim? If I slip into the depressed victim of six years old, I'll be no good to anyone."

He sees the men's movement—and his own celebrity—from the inside. It is a deeply formed, logical part of his own biography. It is an outcome of his years as a student at Harvard just after World War II, studying poetry with Archibald MacLeish, and then of a long depressed period, when he lived alone in New York City, subsisting on three-day-old bread, reading Rilke in the New York Public Library. "I thought I would end as a sort of bag lady," he says. "I lived like an orphan. I said, 'I am fatherless.'" After a stretch at

Profile

the Iowa Writers' Workshop, he married Carol McLean, a writer he had met at Harvard. (They were divorced in 1979, and he is now married to Ruth Ray, a Jungian analyst.)

In 1955 Robert and Carol Bly "went to hide out at the farm" on the edge of the Lutfisk Capital of the World. Lutfisk is a Norwegian dried fish, an item of sentimental immigrant nostalgia and distinctly an acquired taste. Madison has a large metal sculpture of the lutfisk beside the main road into town. (Another artistic item in town: a wooden sculpture with a sign that says INDIAN DONE BY LOCAL CHAIN-SAW ARTIST.)

Bly published his first book of poetry, *Silence in the Snowy Fields*, in 1962. "The land was flat and boring," he says. "That was my whole problem in writing poems about that country. I called it *Silence in the Snowy Fields* because at least it was a little more interesting with snow on it."

Bly may not be alive to certain absurdities in the men's movement that others see. Ask him about the drumming, for example, which strikes some as a silly, self-conscious attempt at manly authenticity, almost a satire of the hairy chested, and he pours forth a thoughtful but technical answer: "The drum honors the body as opposed to the mind, and that is helpful. It heats up the space where we are." As a spiritual showman (shaman), Bly seeks to produce certain effects. He is good at them. He could not begin to see the men's movement, and his place in it, as a depthless happening in the goofy circus of America. It is odd that Bly is not more put off by the earnest vulgarity of the enterprise.

Perhaps the men's movement is a very American exercise anyway: it has that quality of Americans' making fools

"The drum honors the body as opposed to the mind, and that is helpful. It heats up the space where we are."

of themselves in brave pop quests for salvation that may be descendants of the religious revivals that used to sweep across the landscape every generation or so in the 18th and 19th centuries. The men's movement belongs as well to the habits of the '60s baby boomers, who tend to perceive their problems and seek their solutions as a tribe.

A Bly theme lies there. The boomers are a culture of siblings. Their fathers are all dead. The '60s taught that the authority of fathers (Lyndon Johnson, the Pentagon, the university, every institution) was defunct. The boomers functioned as siblings without fathers. Is it the case that now, like Bly, they are looking for the vanished father in themselves?

Something in American men is distinctly boyish—a quality that can be charming or repellent, depending. Unlike men from other cultures, they sometimes seem to be struggling every day to make the transition from boyhood to manhood. George Bush constantly enacts, within the course of a single crisis (the gulf war, for example), the drama of his own growing up: a period of passivity and confusion is followed by a mobilization of manhood. Blowing up Iraq, Bly thinks, was the product of all the wrong male qualities—aggressiveness addicted to high-octane power that goes foraging elsewhere in the world for a mission while its own house is rotting away.

The kindly man is a public man, even if he is a poet. Shakespeare used to adorn the British £20 note. Perhaps, I suggest jokingly, Bly's face will one day be on the \$20 bill. "I hate being a pop figure," he winces. But he has made the transition from private trauma to public stage. His testimony in effect now begins, "I come from a dysfunctional country."

Milestones

RESIGNED. Dick Thornburgh, 59, as Attorney General after three years of almost constant controversy and turmoil at the Justice Department; in Washington. A former two-term Governor of Pennsylvania, Thornburgh left the Cabinet to run for the Senate seat of Pennsylvania Republican John Heinz, who died in a plane crash last April. Thornburgh is heavily favored to defeat Heinz's interim replacement, Democrat Harris Wofford, in a special election this fall.

DIED. Dean Burch, 63, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission under President Richard Nixon; of cancer; in Potomac, Md. In 1964 he led Barry Goldwater's unsuccessful bid for the White House. As head of the FCC from 1969 to 1974, Burch pressured the television networks to give more favorable commentary on Nixon's speeches and advocated more and better programs for children. He de-

nounced much children's fare as "just chewing gum for the eyes."

DIED. Harry Reasoner, 68, avuncular television newsman who brought a droll flavor to his reporting for CBS News, especially on *60 Minutes*, which he helped launch in 1968; of cardiopulmonary arrest; in Norwalk, Conn. Starting at CBS in 1956, Reasoner wrote and reported for daily newscasts, specials and CBS Reports. Convinced he'd never get the chance to anchor the CBS Evening News while Walter Cronkite was still there, Reasoner jumped to ABC in 1970. Network chiefs angered Reasoner in 1976 when they hired Barbara Walters to be co-host of the ABC Evening News. He returned to CBS in 1978.

DIED. Paul Brown, 82, football innovator who founded and coached two professional teams, the Cleveland Browns and the Cincinnati Bengals; in Cincinnati. He start-

ed the Browns in 1946 as part of the All-American Football Conference, which merged with the National Football League in 1950. By the time he was fired as the Browns' coach 13 years later, the team had won three N.F.L. championships. Brown was the first pro-football coach to use films of games to analyze player performance.

DIED. Soichiro Honda, 84, pioneering Japanese manufacturer who built his motorcycle company into a global automotive giant; in Tokyo. A hands-on mechanic as well as a visionary, Honda scored his first success in postwar Japan by selling bicycles powered by military-surplus engines. By the early 1960s his firm was the world's largest motorcycle maker. Defying Japanese government bureaucrats who tried to limit the nation's auto industry to a few dominant firms, Honda began making cars in 1963. In 1982 Honda became the first Japanese automaker to build cars in the U.S.

Do-It-Yourself Death Lessons

A manual on suicide becomes a best seller, sparking new debate on whether the terminally ill have the right to die

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

Most how-to books instruct readers in ways to refinish furniture, profit from a recession, communicate with one's in-laws or cook some exotic ethnic casserole. But one of the hottest tomes of the moment—it has sold out its first printing of 41,000 copies and will top next week's best-seller list of how-to and advice volumes in the New York Times—explains, step by step, how to end a human life.

The book, *Final Exit*, is a manual for committing suicide or helping someone else to do so. It includes charts of lethal dosages for 18 prescription drugs, primarily pain killers and sleeping tablets; it debates and debunks the merits of cyanide; it offers abundant practical advice about asphyxiation by plastic bag or auto exhaust. Seemingly every detail is addressed: mixing pills with yogurt or pudding so that the patient does not vomit or pass out before ingesting a lethal amount; not turning off the telephone or message machine, because "any changes will only alert callers to something unusual happening"; having family members avoid any direct physical assistance, so they cannot be prosecuted; and, if concealment of the cause of death is sought, telling heirs to object to an autopsy.

Even more jarring to critics, the book exhorts doctors and nurses actively to abet the "self-deliverance" of the terminally ill. Author Derek Humphry contends that such assistance is common but tacit. "Part of good medicine is to help you out of this life as well as help you in," he argues. "When cure is no longer possible and the patient seeks relief through euthanasia, the help of physicians is most appropriate."

Humphry proudly asserts that he has assisted three family members in ending their lives when they faced intolerable pain or debilitation: a brother whose life-support machinery was disconnected and a wife and father-in-law who took sleeping pills. A former journalist with the London *Sunday Times* and Los Angeles *Times*, he now makes his living promoting the right to die. He is the author of three previous books on the subject and founder and executive director of the Hemlock Society, a group based in Oregon that claims 38,000 dues-paying members. Its motto: "Death with Dignity."

One committed member, publisher Steven Schragis of Carol Publishing Group, a small New Jersey house that is distributing the book, urged Humphry to move beyond philosophical arguments to practical guidance. Schragis says, "At some point you have to make a decision: Should people be able to have this information? This is our way of making a statement that they should." Alan Meisel, professor of law and director of the Center for Medical Ethics at the University of Pittsburgh, sees the publication as a significant change. "People are very worried that their dying is going to be prolonged and painful," he says. "With this book, it's clear we have entered a new phase of the right to die."

The book was published in April but at first languished unnoticed. Then, after a *Wall Street Journal* feature and stories on ABC's *Good Morning America* and CNN, sales skyrocketed. Says Humphry: "People want to take control of their dying. My book is a sort of insurance, a comforter there on the bookshelf that they could make their escape from this world if they were suffering unbearably." According to bookstores, many customers who seek the book are el-

derly; some others appear to be health-care professionals or AIDS patients. To date, apparently no one has been publicly identified as having relied on the manual to complete a suicide.

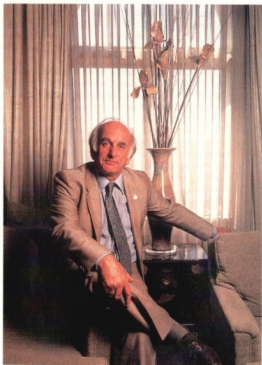
Given how controversial the topic is, *Final Exit* has generated surprisingly little heat. No prosecutor has attempted to suppress it. The National Right to Life Committee criticizes it in interviews but is not actively campaigning against it. A few booksellers decline to carry it, generally on moral and religious grounds. Says Ruth Holkeboer, owner of the Bookworm in Grand Rapids: "My father was a doctor, and my brother is a doctor. I was raised in the atmosphere of caring for life and saving life. My sales staff felt the same way. They said they could not put such a book in a customer's hands when they didn't know how it would be used." Some physicians are offended. Lonnie Bristow, a trustee of the American Medical Association who practices internal medicine in San Pablo, Calif., says, "For doctors to on one hand be of help and on the other be harboring ideas of dispatching their patients would destroy the therapeutic relationship of trust."

Some critics have contended that the book might encourage suicide among the unstable. But the text is full of cautionary statements about the value of counseling. Humphry distinguishes between "rational" suicide, undertaken by the irreversibly handicapped or the terminally ill, and "emo-

tional" suicide by those who are depressed, of which he disapproves. He says, "My book pleads with the depressed to go to a psychiatrist. But it's addressed to the 6,000 people who die every day, not the handful who commit suicide." Others have been concerned that the book's data on lethal doses might make suicide—or murder—easier. Yet the U.S. is a society in which guns can be obtained with less paperwork than automobiles, and almost every kitchen contains some lethal cleanser.

Humphry argues that he will not make suicide easier—just more reliable, less painful, less messy and above all less solitary. He urges those who choose suicide to gather family and friends around them for solace as they slip away. That gesture might require the biggest social and cultural change of all. Many people who could accept the idea of ending a loved one's pain would find it impossible to watch, and be complicit in, the actual suicide. For the one who dies, there may be a final exit. But those who live on might have to dwell with ceaseless doubt, guilt or scorn. Even if a suicide is rational, mankind remains emotional. —Reported by Daniel S. Levy

and Leslie Whitaker/New York



Author Humphry: "My book is a sort of insurance"



When Spies Become Allies

Faced with a melted cold war, espionage novelists are turning their attention to the Middle East, South Africa, Asia, eco-terrorism and the frontier of technology

By STEFAN KANFER

Berlin. What a garrison of spies! . . . what a playground for every alchemist, miracle worker and rat-piper that ever took up the cloak.

—John le Carré, *A Perfect Spy*

The playground has closed. The garrison is dispersing. And with it is going another dejected group: the spy novelists. The cold war, central theme of espionage thrillers, has melted in the warm sun—and hot air—of *glasnost* and *perestroika*.

It may be quite a while before writers find an arena as morally complex or financially rewarding. Before World War II, the spy novelist usually took the low road: the hero was implausibly good, as in John Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. Evil was unambiguous. Sax Rohmer invested his villain, Fu Manchu, "with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race . . . the Yellow Peril incarnate." But in the postwar period the public grew weary of caricatures, and only Ian Fleming could profitably drive on the old thoroughfare, with men like Doctor No and Goldfinger in the backseat.

The high road, paved by Graham Greene and improved by John le Carré, led to an entirely new kind of literature. The books no longer echoed of national an-

them. Instead they suggested T.S. Eliot's *Gerontion*: "Think/ Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural vices/ Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues/ Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes."

In these espionage novels, impudent crimes were committed on both sides of the Berlin Wall. There was a peculiar similarity to the sunless corridors and bureaucratic fatigue of Moscow and Washington. Enemies became interdependent and sometimes indistinguishable; it was a case of the left hand strengthening the right. George Smiley in Britain needed his rival Karla in Moscow. NATO needed the Warsaw Pact. The CIA needed the KGB. And the spy novelists needed them all.

No wonder publishers are so melancholy. "Soviet-U.S. confrontation as a genre is dead," says Viking editor Al Silverman. Adrian Zackheim, executive editor of Morrow, puts the situation in the absolute terms of a bumper sticker: "Espionage is over."

Some acknowledged spy masters have joined the funeral march. "The public won't accept that espionage is still happening," observes novelist Frederick Forsyth (*The Day of the Jackal*). "The KGB general as the all-purpose bad guy isn't going to work anymore."

For Martin Cruz Smith (*Gorky Park*),

the spy genre has lost its drawing power: "I don't find it as compelling or as credible. We've gone past the epic enemy. Now we're down to the mini-series enemy."

Yet not every writer is willing to mourn the passage of Boris and Natasha. The man who renewed the espionage genre back in 1963, when he brought his spy in from the cold, believes the glass is half full. "If the spy novelist of today can rise to the challenge," claims le Carré, "he has got it made. He can sweep away the cobwebs of a world grown old and cold and weary . . . and take on any number of new hunting grounds."

But where are those grounds? The headlines and back pages suggest a few territories available for exploitation:

EASTERN EUROPE. When a subject grows old enough it becomes new. Long ago, novelists thought they had exhausted the subject of Balkan intrigue. Now that the U.S.S.R. seems destined, in Trotsky's memorable phrase, for the dustbin of history, long-dormant rivalries have been awakened. Once again Romania, Albania, Bulgaria and company provide an exceptional backdrop for enmity and vengeance.

SOUTH AFRICA. Pariah states provide ideal stages for international intrigue—

one reason why Larry Bond's *Vortex* made the best-seller list. Even with De Klerk's policies and relaxed sanctions, the permutations of black vs. black, black vs. white, white vs. white are endless. Besides, adds Bond, "Afrikaners make good bad guys."

THE MIDDLE EAST. In *Joshua and Judges*, the Hebrew generals regard spies as standard equipment. Espionage agents have been employed ever since, on both sides of the Negev. Like Saddam Hussein, treachery seems unlikely to go away, and as long as oil remains the fuel of the future, power struggles will provide plots for a thousand sun-and-sand scenarios.

JAPAN. With superpower status has come some super liabilities. The "land of the rising sun" now has its own full-blown financial scandal, and the nation will soon be a focal point of the international thriller. Next March, Viking provides a formidable entry with Henry Meigs' *Gate of the Tigers*, centered on a Japanese scheme to capture U.S. high-tech secrets.

TECHNOLOGY. In an age of space exploration, robotics and cyborgs, the techno-thriller is only beginning to make its mark. There is no reason to cede all the special effects to Arnold Schwarzenegger; atomic submarines, undetectable aircraft and, of course, the ever popular Ultimate Weapon can and should be vital parts of this novelist's arsenal.

ECOLOGY. The Four Horsemen have been replaced by the Three Ps of the Apocalypse: Predators, Polluters and Poachers. They provide equal-opportunity villainy: everyone is against them, and anyone who fights them is an automatic hero or heroine. Indeed, one eco-thriller, *The Covenant of the Flame* by David Morrell, centers on an international group out to rid the earth of its despoilers.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE. The B.C.C.I. affair reverberates on both sides of the Atlantic. A cast of plutocrats and drug runners, politicians and terrorists, should provoke a shelf of thrillers, and when this scandal runs out, there surely will be another money laundry, disguised as a bank, ready to prod the writers' fantasies.

LATIN AMERICA. Nothing has changed. South of the Rio Grande the spy novelist will still find the same ingredients: vibrant village myth, religious ritual, Spanish elegance, exploited minorities, abject poverty and flamboyant wealth. The only problem, says Bond, "is getting the scenarios down on paper before things change. You've got to pick a long-term crisis. You don't want some Banana Republic revolution."

Given these grounds—and almost every item on *Nightline*—it seems much too

early to administer Extreme Unction to the international thriller after all. Jason Epstein, editorial director of Random House, is less a cheerleader than a realist when he observes, "Spy novels have survived since the beginning of time. It all began with the Trojan horse."

He concedes that "no one is going to write about the cold war except in a historical work. But writers will think up new standards. The spy novel is not going to go away. There are always going to be

spies. There will be spy novels as long as there are people."

What kind of novels does he expect to come across his desk? He counters with another question: "Who can tell what these guys will turn out? It's not predictable. If publishers knew what would turn up, publishing would be a lot easier." An unpredictable life, filled with difficulties? Hmmm. The publishing industry might just be the right locale for a thriller or two... —Reported by Wendy Cole/New York

Mother of All Potboilers

Few writers have more cause for mourning the end of the cold war than Tom Clancy. Starting with *The Hunt for Red October* (1984), his five thrillers, heavy on technology and all bearing directly or aslant on the threat of superpower confrontation, have sold 28 million copies. His *Clear and Present Danger* appeared in 1989 and, astonishingly, went on to become the top-selling novel of the '80s.

But the onetime insurance salesman scribbles on, apparently undaunted by the prospect of world peace, although Jack Ryan, Clancy's doughty, repeat-performance hero and deputy director of the CIA, admits to a few worries: "Look, I'm not one of those right-wing idiots who moan for a return to the Cold War, but then, at least, the Russians were predictable."

Ryan says this near the beginning of Clancy's sixth novel, *The Sum of All Fears* (Putnam; 798 pages; \$24.95), which, because of its weight and bulk, will probably not become a runaway best seller; it will become a lumberaway best seller.

Why this should be so is difficult to understand. Clancy's plot may be charitably described as complex, although "cluttered" or "give me a break" also come to mind. Ryan meets with White House officials awestruck by his brainpower. "I've heard of still waters running deep, fella," the National Security Adviser tells Ryan. "But never this deep." The Middle East comes up for discussion, and Ryan opines that the main problem in the area is... religion. The White House boys are dazzled. No one, apparently, has ever seen the conflict between Jews and Muslims in this light. Religion? And then, Ryan has an idea: Let's enlist the Vatican in proposing a peace settlement that will satisfy the three major religions in the Middle East.

Ryan's plan slowly, oh, so slowly, gains ground, not only in Washington and Rome but also in Israel and various Arab states. The CIA man is modestly gratified: "It would be nice, he thought, to set that whole area to rest." But there are evil people who do not want Ryan's plan to succeed, and they are scattered from the Middle East through Europe and North America. This exfoliating network of malcontents also has access to a fearsome means of getting the U.S. and what remains of the Soviet Union back at each other's throats, with nuclear conflagration as a distinct and concluding possibility.

From a storytelling point of view, it was better when all the bad guys were in the Kremlin and the good guys in the Pentagon. Transitions between the two camps were a snap. Now, Clancy has to hop back and forth between so many far-flung conspirators that it is often impossible to tell where a scene is occurring and who is talking (an old problem for Clancy, since all his characters sound exactly the same). Presumably, hundreds of thousands of readers will wade through this interminable novel to find out if Jack Ryan can once again save the world. What they should know before they begin—not that it will make the slightest difference—is that *The Sum of All Fears* is the mother of all potboilers.

—By Paul Gray



Clancy at home in Maryland

All in the Family

How does that gutsy South Dakota grandma feel about being pregnant with her daughter's twins?

By J. MADELEINE NASH ABERDEEN

MOM PREGNANT WITH HER OWN GRANDKIDS!

TWO-HEADED MOTHER GIVES BIRTH TO TWINS!

Eyes twinkling, hands folded across her swelling belly, Arlette Schweitzer imagines the headlines a tabloid might concoct to sensationalize her admittedly unusual condition. The exercise amuses her no end—probably because there is nothing the least bit bizarre about this cheerful 42-year-old librarian who lives with her husband Dan, a fluffy white cat named Boom Boom and a cocker spaniel named Special on a tree-lined street in Aberdeen, S. Dak. What a visitor notices above all in their cozy, split-level house is the photographs of smiling kids: grandchildren, nieces and nephews and, over the living-room sofa, two large color portraits of the Schweitzers' son Curtis, 26, and daughter Christa, 22.

Now that Christa has, well, got her mother in a family way, newspaper writers and TV crews are camped outside. Since the New York Times put her on Page One, producers for talk shows have kept calling, photographers have continually rung her doorbell, and somehow, through it all, Arlette Schweitzer has continued to radiate a sense of calm. "Christa has no . . .," a reporter hesitantly ventures. "That's right," replies Arlette, her voice as clear and as strong as a church bell. "Christa has no uterus."

When this misfortune was discovered eight years ago, her mother patiently explains, Christa was only 14, and even then she was absolutely devastated by the news. "When Christa was just a little girl," recalls Arlette, "all she could talk about was becoming a mother." Two years later, during a visit to the Mayo Clinic, Arlette observed to a physician who examined her daughter, "I wish you could transplant my uterus because I certainly have no use for it anymore." The doctor looked at her curiously. "He asked me how old I was. I said I was 36, which I was at the time. Suddenly it was like a light bulb switched on for all three of us. She was born without a uterus.

I was young enough to lend her mine."

In February of this year, at the University of Minnesota Hospital and Clinic in Minneapolis, eggs taken from Christa's ovaries were fertilized with her husband Kevin Uchyt's sperm, then implanted in Arlette's uterus. Ten days later, Arlette telephoned her daughter and son-in-law, who live in Sioux City, Iowa. "Congratulations!"



Expectant grandmother Schweitzer: trying to do everything right

she triumphantly exclaimed. "You're pregnant." Not long thereafter, Christa, viewing an ultrasound picture of her mother's tummy, saw two heartbeats and realized that her mother would give birth to twins. "How lucky could I be!" Christa said. "This just takes my breath away."

Becoming a surrogate mother, stresses Arlette, is sort of like running a triathlon: the experience may be exhilarating, but it is not entirely painless. For 89 days, she had to inject herself with hormones. "I still have scars on both my hips," she says with a grin. "But as long as you know there's an end to it, I think you can bear almost anything. For 89 days, I think you could even walk on burning coals if you had to. I feel so responsible. This really is a one-shot chance,

and so I'm trying to do everything right."

Arlette grew up in Lemmon, S. Dak., where her father was a jeweler. At 15, she surprised her parents by dropping out of school to marry Dan, now a sales representative for the Keebler Co. She had her children early and was for years a stay-at-home mom. "I played house, and I loved every minute of it," she says. Then when Christa was in third grade, Arlette went back to school. For the past two years, she has taken charge of the library at Aberdeen's Simmons Junior High. "My whole life," she says impishly, "I've done in reverse. I feel like Frank Sinatra. I've done it my way."

The idea of surrogate parenting has kept professional ethicists and jurists wringing their hands ever since the first case surfaced in 1978. Is it proper to "rent" a womb by paying a stranger to bear a child? What if the surrogate mother changes her mind? But now a heartwarming situation has come along in which the moral quandaries pale before that most basic of human instincts: the desire of a parent to take on and take away the pain of a child.

With refreshing, down-to-earth pragmatism, Arlette, a devout Roman Catholic, says she had no doubts about her decision. "If you can give the gift of life," she asks, "why not? If medical science affords that opportunity, why not take it?" Far more problematic, in her view, is the more typical situation—such as that involving Mary Beth Whitehead in 1987—in which a surrogate mother is also the biological mother. "These are Christa's eggs and Kevin's sperm," Arlette says. "There's no doubt about whose children these are!"

Asked by her seven-year-old grandson whether Grandma was going to have a baby, Arlette replied, "Christa and Kevin's babies are going to use Grandma's uterus until they're old enough to be born." That made perfect sense to him. "Children are very accepting," observes Arlette. "It's adults who cloud the matter. Maybe it's not quite the same old birds and bees. Maybe now there are birds and bees and butterflies too."

So why not go ahead and congratulate the medical butterflies responsible for this unorthodox biological event? That's what Arlette and Dan and Christa and Kevin plan to do when they welcome their miracle babies into the world this October. "Dan will be up there coaching me," imagines Arlette fondly, "while Kevin and Christa will be getting ready to grab the babies and run." Then Arlette and Dan will settle back to their normal role—that of happy grandparents. ■



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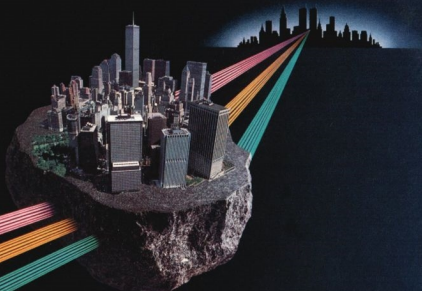


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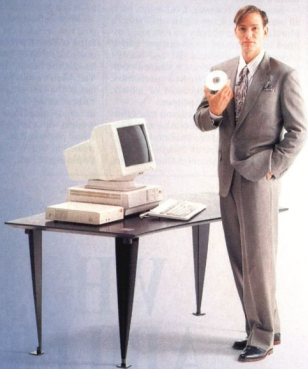
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A Taste of Miami's New Vice

It's called eating, and a generation of young chefs has made Florida cuisine a New World marvel worth a detour

By CATHY BOOTH MIAMI

For foodies, Florida was never a big stop on the U.S. eating circuit. Tourists ate fish, most often frozen. Frozen crab cakes. Frozen fried shrimp. Frozen Dover sole. For authenticity, there were boiled stone crabs, alligator for the hardy and lots of Key lime pie. In *Guide Michelin* terms, not worth a detour.

Nowadays, however, food lovers from all over are unfolding napkins in southern Florida. Instead of baby carrots and sundried tomatoes, try a red-snapper burger seasoned with cilantro, dill and hot-hot Scotch bonnet peppers. Or sautéed pompano dusted with crushed pistachios, served with a light fricassée of lobster, mango and fire-roasted pepper.

What do you call a cuisine that offers plantain flan, mango tabbouleh and a *boniato*-yuca torta? Miamamerican cooking? Nuevo Mundo cuisine? Nuevo Cubano? Whatever the tag, Miami chefs are winning

applause with fresh fish, tropical fruits and exotic root vegetables, eclipsing the now hackneyed blackened-everything cuisine that emanated from New Orleans in the early '80s. Bits of many cultures make up the local hybrid, including updated Latin, Italian and Oriental dishes. Grilling, influenced by Caribbean *barbe*, is an essential technique. Not-too-sweet, not-too-tart salsas, *mojos* and *adobados* based on local fruits are vital flavoring ingredients.

Miami's South Beach is the center of the gourmet trend. Less than five years ago, SoBe's Ocean Drive had just one restaurant; now more than 35 bars, restaurants and cafés dot the beach, the best being Norman Van Aken's coolly modern A Mano. Regulars at the year-old hot spot dig into Vietnamese spring rolls with seared, black sesame seed-coated swordfish, or rum-painted grouper with a tangy-sweet mango *mojo* and crispy plantain curl. "The idea is for chefs trained in Old World methods to use New World ingredients," Van Aken says.

Some of the best-known exemplars of the new tropical taste are hidden away in suburban shopping strips. At Chef Allen's in North Miami Beach, Allen Susser's most popular dishes include rock-shrimp hash topped by a mustardy sabayon sauce, followed perhaps by seared citrus-crust yel-lowfin tuna with a macédoine of papaya, mango and yellow pepper. At Mark's Place, North Miami diners line up early for Mark Militello's signature dish, curry fried oysters nestled on a tamarind-banana salsa and West Indian bread, all topped with an orange sour cream. "It's a long way from fried dolphin fingers," says Militello laughing.

Miami's new fare depends on a wealth of fresh tropical materials, but the pride of the region is still its fish. Indian River soft-shell crabs and conch are year-round regulars on menus, as are pompano, dolphinfish, yellowfin tuna and lesser-known delicacies like wahoo and cobia, both meatier, more flavorful catches. There are endless variations on snapper—yellowtail, mangrove, hog and mutton—all of them sweeter, firmer and more tender than the red snapper shipped out of state.

Farms down in steamy Homestead, southwest of Miami, provide lush purple

WHO JUST WON A BILLION DOLLAR VOTE OF CONFIDENCE?



Militello and creations: shrimp lasagnette with black beans, tomatoes and sweet corn; yellowtail with saffron potatoes and palm hearts

mangoes, creamy-tasting red bananas, sweet sugar apples, globe-shaped canistels that taste like eggnog. On the edge of the Everglades, the husband-and-wife team of Marc and Kiki Ellenby are the only commercial producers of fresh litchi nuts in the U.S. "We're just beginning to use Florida's natural resources for cooking," says Susser. "The fun is that we're breaking new ground." The Caribbean, especially Cuban, influence is vital. Susser picks up recipes from his Haitian and Cuban kitchen help. A Haitian suggested poaching *boniato*, a white sweet potato, in

milk before mashing it into a Cream of Wheat consistency that goes beautifully with grilled wahoo.

While Mediterranean and Pacific Rim touches enhance Miami's nouvelle cuisine, one ingredient that gives it such a distinctive lift is not a food at all, but sticky 90° heat and 90% humidity. To retain their allure under those sultry conditions, offerings must be satisfying but light and refreshing. "The flavors must make sense to a body in this heat," says Susser. Rather than being coated with flour, fish is citrus-crusted or dusted with crushed pistachios.

Fruits lighten up even familiar entrées: Susser offers a sublime Key lime pasta.

Chef Douglas Rodriguez, at Yuca in Coral Gables, harks back to his Cuban-American roots in adding to the new vocabulary. One recent dinner featured teeny tamales stuffed with foie gras and duck confit; yellowtail snapper encrusted with a mix of avocado, stone crabmeat and crushed peanuts; and loin of pork filled with chorizo and smoked over guava bark. "Guava bark!" he says. "Who else is doing that?" More and more talented Floridians, happily, every day. ■



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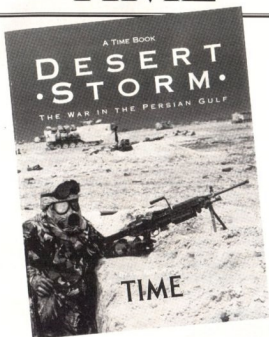
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Television

Hunks and Cheese Balls

Studs puts a racy new twist on the dating game

Meet Darren, a 23-year-old yacht-club manager with tousled blond hair and a cute British accent. You might call him a dream date. But then, you haven't met his main rival: Nico, 19, a bodyguard with slicked-back hair, a macho manner and a size 18 shoe. "Great lips—fit perfectly with mine," drools one of three women who went on a date with Nico. Says another: "If he had kissed my neck, I would've lost control." For Darren, however, the postdate comments run from "He looked like he



Host DeCarlo with the swinging singles

just woke up" to a grumbly "He paid the check, I left the tip." And when the women are asked which of the two is more likely to fall asleep after sex, guess whom they pick? Sorry, Darren.

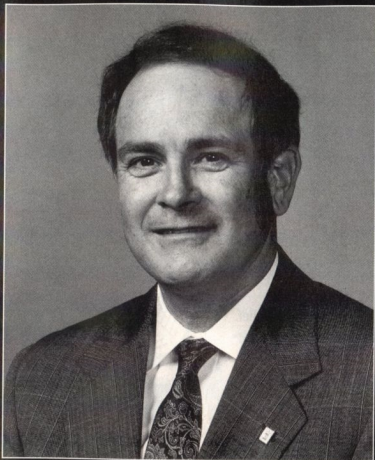
Brace yourself for *Studs*. This relationship game show—a sort of hormone-injected version of *Love Connection*—is currently syndicated on only 17 stations, but ratings are soaring. (In Washington the show beat all three late-night local newscasts for two weeks in July.) The premise: two hunky bachelors are sent on dates with the same three women. All five then come on the show, and the guys try to guess what the gals said about them. The comments range from titillating ("I loved the way he sucked my pinky") to taunting ("He was a class-A cheese ball"). Either way, the studio audience whoops and screeches in voyeuristic glee.

Prodded by host Mark DeCarlo, the show revels in double entendres but primly stops short of going all the way. "Mine was harder, but his was bigger," says Kathi about Michael. Turns out (wink, wink) she's comparing their biceps. "There's kind of an arbitrary line that we can't cross," says executive producer Howard Schultz. "We don't try to hit the nail on the head." Be thankful for small favors. ■

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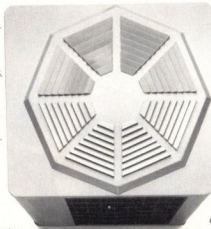
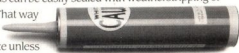
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People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI / Reported by Wendy Cole



Henderson? But stranger bedfellows there never were than the show's stately Captain Merrill Stubing and a former British Prime Minister, both of whom were in New York City last week for the splashy inauguration of the *Regal Princess*, the spanking-new supership in Princess Cruises' "Love Boat" fleet.

Margaret Thatcher was on hand to christen the vessel, and crossed paths with Gavin MacLeod, the company's spokesman, in

a piano bar aboard the ship. The two launched into a discussion of *The Love Boat*, which, though reruns still air in 93 countries, is apparently not Thatcher's cup of tea. "It was very popular, I gather," she said, and later MacLeod

admitted, "Once I explained it to her, she knew what we were talking about."

The next day, as Her Majesty's Band of Royal Marines played *There Is Nothin' Like a Dame*, Thatcher strode onto a floating barge for the ship's christening. "You don't have to be a millionaire to feel like a millionaire," she said, plugging the ship's virtues. Thatcher disembarked before the gala *Love Boat* reunion, though Henderson (the show's second most frequent guest star, after Charo) was on hand. Has the former Prime Minister so quickly gone from steering a ship of state to shilling for a ship? Has the Iron Lady become the "How-Much-Will-I-Earn Lady"? Well, not exactly. Thatcher braved the fracas as a favor to her friend Lord Sterling of Plaistow, chairman of Princess Cruises' parent company, and received no fee for her efforts.



Love Boat II

Speaking of improbable couplings, who would have thought that the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES would be sailing off on a borrowed yacht from Naples for what British newspapers are calling a "second honeymoon"? Charles and Diana, along with their sons, last week embarked on a 10-day pleasure trip, but can a single cruise rekindle the royal romance? Why not? It worked for Shecky and Florence.

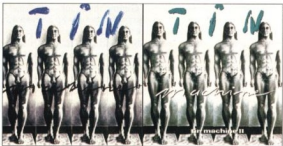
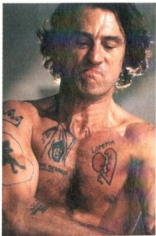
Love Boat I

In its nine years on TV, *The Love Boat* offered many strange couplings of past-their-prime stars: Remember the episode when Shecky Greene romanced Florence

Are You Looking at Me?

Meet Max Cady. Max is a psycho, a rapist and a terrorist. Max is not a nice man. Max is the latest transmogrification of master mutator ROBERT DE NIRO, and he makes Travis Bickle and Jake La Motta look like bashful Boy Scouts. De Niro plays the pumped-up villain in *Cape Fear*, Martin Scorsese's upcoming remake of the 1962 classic about an ex-con obsessed with exacting revenge on the lawyer who sent him to prison. "He's incessant," says De

Niro. "He just keeps coming and coming. What's terrifying is the idea that you can't stop someone no matter what you do. He's like the Alien or the Terminator." An apt analogy, since De Niro is his own special effect. The mutability of his body is mythical: he gained 60 lbs. to play LaMotta, 30 lbs. to play Al Capone. For Cady he added layers of muscle mass. "I feel if you're going to do certain parts you really have to commit to them all the way to make them special," De Niro explains. The tattoos, at least, are fake.



Retouchy Subject

The latest rock controversy isn't about obscene lyrics or devil worship—it's about neutered nude statues. The Greek figures are pictured on the cover of *Tin Machine II*, the new album from a band fronted by David Bowie. When more than half of record retailers refused to carry it, Victory Music president Phil Carson had the offending genitalia airbrushed on albums to be released in the U.S. (elsewhere the statues escaped emasculation). "I'm not proud of my decision," admits Carson. "But retailers don't want to deal with a bunch of irate mothers." Says Bowie: "Such a big noise over such a small thing, so to speak." Once symbols of perfect balance, what do the statues symbolize now? "America's confused morality," Bowie says.



Cinema

Go Ahead. Make Me Laugh

Hollywood keeps churning out hit comedies, but the exhaustion is showing

By RICHARD CORLISS

Stay out of my way. Send the kids to Grandma's. I've just seen the latest comedies, and I'm in no mood to laugh.

Those who know me will testify that a good joke can launch me into giggle fits; a valentine can set me weeping; nearly any episode of *The Simpsons* can do both. So I am no emotional slug. When I enter a movie theater, I bring high spirits and modest needs. I merely say, as Clint Eastwood might, "Go ahead. Make me laugh."

America feels that way too. Comedy, as Hollywood has long known, is the most reliable movie genre. It can make a bundle but doesn't cost one. No one need spend \$100 million on a comedy. But audiences will pay that much in just two months to see *City Slickers*, Billy Crystal's cowboy caper. When a comedy is a hit, everybody smiles.

And in Hollywood, everyone heads for the Xerox machine. Used to be that moguls would tell their minions, "Gimme the same, only different." Now they skip the different. But this doesn't work for comedy, which is based on the shock of wit. A joke is a story with a surprise ending; it should explode like a novelty-store cigar. It fizzles when the gags are sequeled and recycled. Why pay \$7 for a summer rerun?

An air of desperation hangs over much of Hollywood comedy, and it may be due to the exhaustion of several formats. Last winter John Hughes' *Home Alone* became the all-time surprise comedy hit. Now three more Hughes movies have come and—quickly, ignominiously—gone. *Career Opportunities*, *Only the Lonely* and *Dutch* together have grossed \$35 million, just one-eighth of *Home Alone*'s take. Suddenly audiences are tired of Hughes' cute family strife. Streaks end. It happens.

Mel Brooks' winning streak lasted through the '70s. But people are avoiding Brooks' *Life Stinks*, a kind of *Homeless Alone* about a billionaire on the bum, as if it were trying to wipe a rag across their windshield. Brooks' old colleague Gene Wilder has fared no better with *Another You*, in which he plays a compulsive liar coupled in a complex scam with con man Richard Pryor. On its second weekend of release, this mediocre jape averaged a pa-



Did Cary Grant have to do this? Short up against it, with Glover in *Pure Luck*

thetic \$262 per screen; that's about 50 people in each theater all weekend. With those numbers, a moviemaker can go broke, and an usher can get awfully lonely.

And a critic can get blue when considering other comedy styles and stylists:

The Saturday Night Live Wires. *Saturday Night Live* and *SCTV* unearthed a generation of gifted farceurs and mimics. The farceurs displayed their oversize personalities on TV, then did more of the same in Hollywood. John Candy, for instance, plays the jolly lug, coping with crisis by wearing it down. In his O.K. new movie *Delirious*—the season's second daytime-drama parody, after *Soapdish*—he is a soap-opera writer who is knocked silly and dreams that he is a prisoner in his own show. The premise is frail, but Candy gives it his usual shrug-it-off assurance. No big deal. No problem.

The *SNL-SCTV* mimics—Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner, Martin Short—did have a problem. On TV they hid like a subversive subtext inside their brilliant impersonations. But in movies an actor doesn't disappear; he displays himself. So Short has put his mimetic, improvisatory genius on hold and marketed one facet of his personality: the winsome whiner.

Short on a roll, skyrocketing jokes and impressions on David Letterman's show, is a wonder to behold. Short in his painful new movie, *Pure Luck*, is a shame and a waste, like a pianist in a straitjacket. In this search-for-a-missing-heiress comedy co-starring Danny Glover, Short plays the world's unluckiest man, and the picture is one long physical humiliation. Get creamed, register pain, get up. Repeat ad nauseam. Somehow Cary Grant survived an entire comedy career without having to walk into a door and squash his nose against it. But the elegance of Cary Grant has been replaced by the gooniness, pratfalls and infantilism of Jerry Lewis. What has Hollywood degenerated into, France or something?



Bill, Ted and the Man with No Tan

The Dictatorship of Dumb. *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* was perhaps the stupidest picture ever to have a sequel. Valley dudes Bill S. Preston, Esq. (Alex Winter) and Ted "Theodore" Logan (Keanu Reeves) lurched through time corralling the likes of Lincoln, Freud and Genghis Khan, all to pass a history test. The comedy was so comatose it could have been made by the kids it was about. The idea of a sequel was not promising; it was a threat.

The mild pleasure of *Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey*, snappily directed by Pete Hewitt, is that it leavens one's despair about the California school system with some low-octane inventiveness. Bill and Ted are killed by their evil twins. They go to hell, which is not what they expected: "Yeah, we got totally lied to by our album covers." They play chess—well, Clue and Twister—with Death

(William Sadler), whom they address as "the Duke of Spook, the Doc of Shock, the Man with No Tan." Bill and Ted will never replace Hope and Crosby, but at least they are no longer the Twits with No Wits.

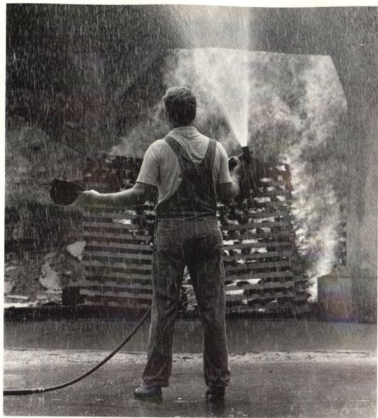
All That ZAZ. In 1982 the comedy writer-producer-director team of Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams and David Zucker devised a bright cop-show parody called *Police Squad!* Seven years later, they expanded the premise into a movie: the hit *The Naked Gun*. But doing a sequel to a remake of a TV series can make sense only to accountants. The scattershot style of the ZAZ zannies is reminiscent of *Mad* comic book at its mid-'50s apex. But, guys, *Mad* didn't do sequels! Especially one like *The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear*, which reprises jokes from the old show and boasts no fewer than three set pieces involving people stuck inside or under runaway vehicles.

Maybe the ZAZ boys—or at least Abrahams, working with *Naked Gun* co-screenwriter Pat Proft—needed to pillage a new genre. *Hot Shots!* begins as a parody of the daredevil fly-boy anthem *Top Gun*, with Charlie Sheen as a tough Navy pilot and Valeria Golino as his gorgeous psychiatrist. But its glancing anarchy cannot be confined to one target. It makes derisive strikes on *Dances with Wolves*, *Gone With the Wind*, *Rocky*, *9½ Weeks*, *The Fabulous Baker Boys*... if somebody made it, these guys make fun of it. Handsomely too: the film is as good-looking as its game cast. Not the least attraction of this delightful lampoon is that it compels you to pay attention at every moment—scanning the frame for, say, soldiers doing what looks like a number from *A Chorus Line*. More poignantly, *Hot Shots!* may remind you of the richness of film comedy. It is a heritage that, at this late sorry stage, deserves not just parody but revival. Until then... sigh...

Anyone for a night at the old movies? You make the popcorn; I'll bring my tapes of *The Lady Eve* and *His Girl Friday*. We'll have some good laughs and feel better. ■



Rocky lampoon: Sheen, Golino in *Hot Shots!*



We like getting to know our Jack Daniel's customers. So, we hope you'll drop us a line one of these days.

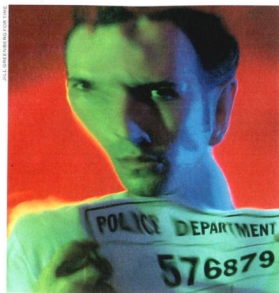
A HOT DAY and a hot rick can make a Jack Daniel's ricker behave in strange ways.

You can't blame him if he turns the watering hose on himself. (Burning hard maple ricks is hot work!) But the charcoal that results is something our distillery can't do without. You see, we pack it into room-high vats and seep our whiskey down through it, drop by drop. This is charcoal mellowing, and the smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's makes it worth all the cold showers our rickers need.

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Essay

Howard G. Chua-Eoan

The Uses of Monsters

A ghast, we cover our faces, confused and unable to choose between expressions of disgust and nervous laughter. What a surprise . . . who could have imagined . . . such horror. There is a moment of black epiphany at the revelation of a particularly heinous crime—a moment that is both oracular and inexpressible. Statistics and forensic minutiae will eventually move in to cloud our vision. And the incessant patter of news updates will inevitably numb us, pushing onward the boundaries of our tolerance for atrocity. But in the beginning, as we make out the shape of the crime, as we see it unfolding like some putrid flower, one word sputters to our lips: “Monster.” The word applies whether the alleged criminal is a killer-cannibal in Wisconsin who has confessed to murdering and dismembering 17 victims or 39 schoolboys in Kenya arrested for the rape of 71 of their female classmates and the murder of 19 others.

The choice of word is instructive. Its image is not its origin. *Monster* conjures up a three-headed Cerberus at the gates of Hades. Etymologically, however, the word has few frills. It is related to *demonstrate* and to *remonstrate*, and ultimately comes from the Latin *monstrum*, an omen portending the will of the gods, which is itself linked to the verb *monere*, to warn. If a city sinned against heaven, heaven sent it a monster. One can argue that the Sphinx, who confronted travelers to Thebes with her famous riddle, was born of some Oedipal crime and performed an important, if carnivorous, role in the balance of the ethical ecosystem. Monsters, therefore, were created to teach lessons. And they can still be pedagogical—even in an age that no longer believes in the gods or their messengers. Our misfortune is that monsters need not look monstrous. Hence, schoolboys in Africa. Hence, Jeffrey Dahmer in Milwaukee, who, with his strong cheekbones and broad

shoulders, is not some finny Creature from the Black Lagoon.

If Dahmer and the schoolboys are monsters, what lessons do they point to? Kenyan society is searching for reasons for its nightmare. Was it “abominable male chauvinism,” as a local journalist put it, that brought on the crime? The boys, it seemed, were taking revenge on the girls for their refusal to join them in a quarrel with school officials. The logic: it is all right to rape women—to kill them even—if they do not obey male authority. The ability to inflict violence is the proof of power. There is a “logic” too to Dahmer’s crime. Raised in a culture that condoned racial prejudice and despised homosexuals, Dahmer appeared to believe he could preserve a place in mainstream society—with all its furtive hopes of family, friends and future—by destroying the evidence of his homosexuality. He killed his “lovers”—mostly blacks—dismembered them, and may, in some cases, have devoured their remains. Crime is a logical, if messy, quick fix to the shortcomings of society.

Is that the lesson then? That we get the criminals our societies deserve? Yes, of course. But the other question to be asked is, Do we ever remember the lessons? The strong emotions of pity and sorrow brought on by horror can have a tonic effect, thus the Aristotelian theory of tragic catharsis. But very often, we inure ourselves to the terrible. For one, we can choose to misread the implication. In Milwaukee, for example, public reaction has included the harassment of local gays, the very community victimized by Dahmer. A Wisconsin gay activist reports receiving a phone message saying, “You got what you deserved. You’re going to get more of it.”

Modernity too has provided a handyman’s bag of tools to explain crime. Reasons range from an excess of chemically imbalanced junk food affecting the brain and judgment, to the violent climate engendered by certain movies, to governments failing their impoverished citizens. While some of these provide illumination, they can distance us from the crime. The initial moment of revelation, the strange intimation that perhaps “I too have sinned and somehow share in this carnage,” that responsibility is dissipated. Economics, sociology and psychology enter. The crime deflates to a manageable size, one that justice can work on and prisons can hide. The criminal is buried, the atrocity tucked away.

Can a rationalizing modernity then be so different from 15th century France? Gilles de Rais, a comrade in arms of St. Joan of Arc, was one of the most famous soldiers in the Hundred Years War. But he used his power as a feudal lord to commit multiple murders with impunity. In satanic rites he sacrificed innumerable peasant children to the devil, sodomizing their dying bodies and preserving the heads of the “pretty” ones. In his book *The Trial of Gilles de Rais*, French historian Georges Bataille noted incredulously that the man given to butchering infants calmly raised a chapel dedicated to the Holy Innocents—the children slaughtered in Bethlehem by Herod. Yet at his execution Gilles de Rais exhibited so much remorse that the crowd gathered to witness the death of a monster was completely confused. How could God not forgive such devout penitence? It is the Bible, after all, that promises, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.”

That is the final weapon of monsters: they beguile us with our own frailty. By way of science or theology, arguments Pavlovian or Paulinian, we diminish their horrors as we seek guarantees of forgiveness for our own capacity for error. We do this even though we know that humanity’s “errors”—our bigotry or anger or lust or selfishness or greed—will go on churning out the accused creatures. Like our forebears, we have got in the habit of monsters. If we are to escape their terror, we must not distort their significance. If they frighten us, we must remember why. Otherwise, *monstrum* and *remonstrance* fade from memory, and we gain not even the awful lesson about the darkness that we must each live with and subdue. ■

NATION PREPARES FOR LEANER TIMES

The Skinniest Six

ROUND TIP

157 calories
5.9 grams total fat*
(2.1 gram sat. fat)

TOP LOIN

178 calories
8.0 grams total fat*
(3.1 gram sat. fat)

TOP ROUND

153 calories
4.2 grams total fat*
(1.4 gram sat. fat)

EYE OF ROUND

143 calories
4.2 grams total fat*
(1.5 gram sat. fat)

TENDERLOIN

178 calories
8.5 grams total fat*
(3.2 gram sat. fat)

TOP SIRLOIN

165 calories
6.1 grams total fat*
(2.4 gram sat. fat)

BEEF AND TODAY'S HEALTH STAMPEDE

These are leaner times. Conspicuous consumption is out. The basics are back. People are eating lighter, leaner foods. And here's the whole story.

Calories:

the inside account.

The Skinniest Six cuts of beef are surprisingly lean and low in calories. In fact, three ounces of lean, trimmed beef average a mere 180 calories. Makes you stop and think. About beef

and Japanese steak salad.

Cholesterol: perception vs. reality

This should make headlines: lean, trimmed beef has no more cholesterol than chicken —without the skin.

While chicken does have less fat, moderate servings of beef fit easily within leading dietary guidelines.

Nutritional facts rounded-up.

Lean beef has a high ratio of nutrients to calories. Number crunchers take note. Three ounces supply 38%

of the U.S. RDA for vitamin B-12 and zinc. Plus a generous 56% of U.S. RDA for protein. Not to mention 14% of the recommendation for iron. That's quite a mouthful.

Wisdom to steer by

Nutritionists recommend a balanced, varied diet and leaner cuts of meat. Training gurus push aerobic exercise. Stress management types suggest a month in the Baha-

mas. Grilling steaks on the beach, no doubt.

Dinnertime in no time.

Beef is perhaps the ultimate fast food. From quick steaks and fajitas to blazing stir fries. No time left? Time for juicy leftovers.

Beef.

Real food for real people.

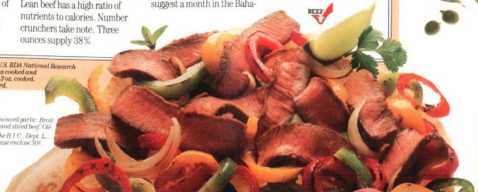
*Sources: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev., U.S. RDA National Research Council 1989, 10th Edition. Figures are for a cooked and trimmed 3-oz. serving. Fat, uncooked yield/3-oz. cooked.
© 1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.

QUICK BEEF FAJITAS

Stir fry peppers and onions with cumin, oregano and minced garlic. Broil top round or sirloin. Top tortillas with vegetables and sliced beef. Or

For a beef recipe booklet, write the B.I.C., Dept. L,

444 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Please enclose \$5.



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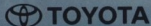
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